

The American
LEGION
MONTHLY

MARCH 1933

15 CENTS



☆ — R.G. KIRK ~ ROY D. CHAPIN — ☆ —
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT ~ FREDERICK PALMER

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MARCH, 1933

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MARCH, 1933

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SEE YOU AT THE WORLD'S FAIR!

JUST as Paris was the rendezvous—the great meeting center—for the A. E. F., so Chicago will be this year the rendezvous of the entire American Legion. Old friends will meet as never before when the Legion marches into Chicago for its 1933 National Convention, October 2d to 5th, assembling in the midst of the greatest World's Fair of all history. Arrange your own meetings now. Write your old friends of the war days. Tell them you are going, and that you want to see them in Chicago. There is one best vacation week this year—the first week in October.

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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new

You Shouldn't Be SLIPPING *at 40* *Says A* *Health Farmer*

YOUR editor tells me that the average age of you veterans is between thirty-nine and forty. He suggests that a lot of you already are going to seed physically. He wants to know if that is as it should be. And what can you do about it?

He puts the question up to me because I run a health farm. My experience is chiefly with professional and business men, most of them forty or older. When they break down physically, they come up here and I put them back into repair. I could do the same with you fellows, and likely get better results. You had

to change it. I'm going to lam out at you soldiers just the way I would at a bunch of thin-skinned business men.

Your editor sent a staff man up here to help me "tell it to you" if I needed some assistance. Brought along a typewriter, a kodak and a roll of movies in a tin can. I don't need anybody to help me tell you what I've got to say. The kodak was no good, either—I have a lot of sensitive souls around here who don't look any too snappy in their gym suits. But the film in the tin can was an idea. It was just what I needed to refresh my recollection. It was about half a mile of movies of an American Legion parade



LAZARNICK

"There isn't a better system of exercise in the world than the old setting-up stuff you got in the Army"

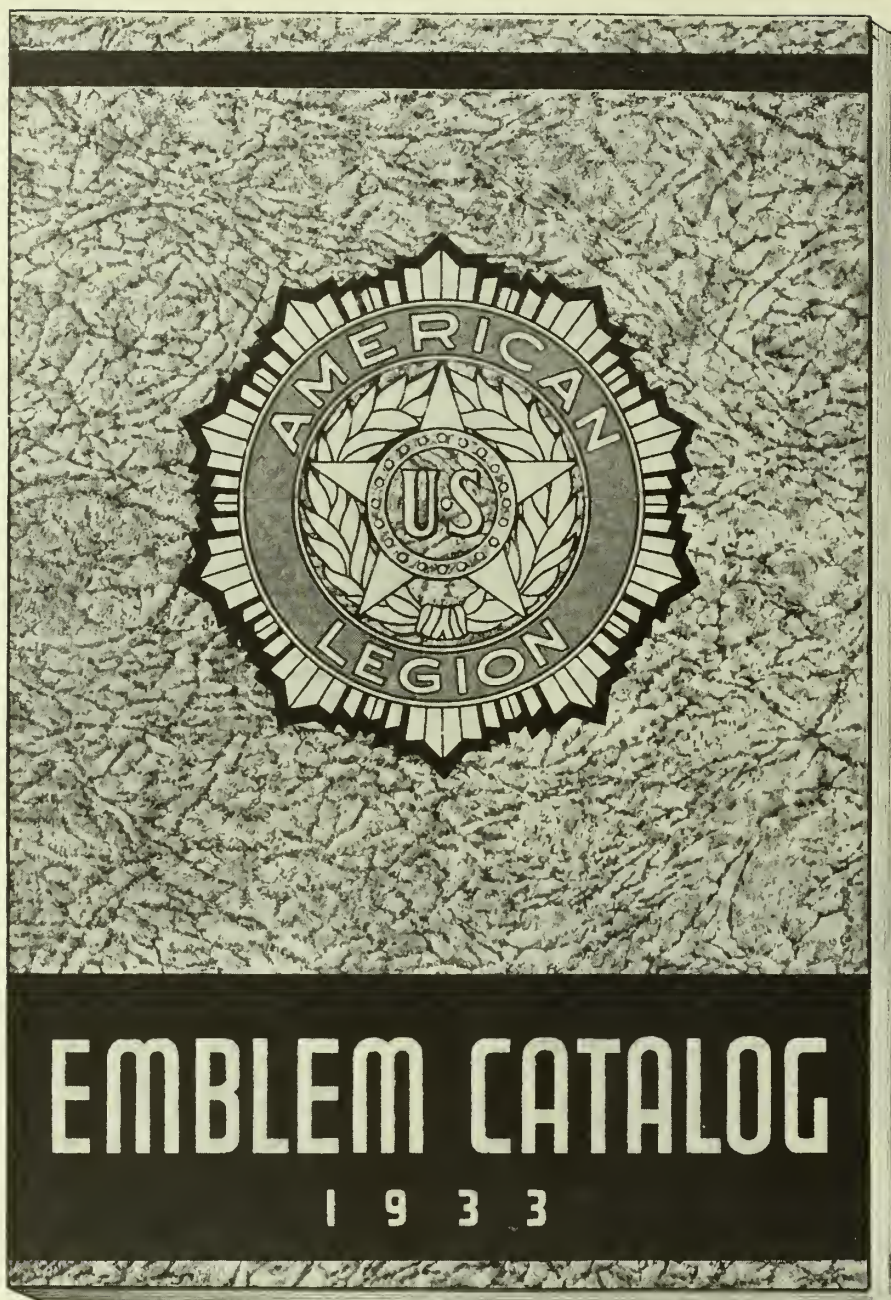
better advantages than most of my customers. You were the physical pick of the nation fifteen years ago. On top of that, Uncle Sam had put you through a long physical training course. You shouldn't be slipping at forty. No excuse for it in the world. You don't get any sympathy from me.

Can you men stand a little plain talk? If you can't "take it," this is as good a time as any to leave by the nearest exit. The policy of my repair shop isn't to coddle anybody. I don't mean

at a recent convention. We ran it off last night in the lounging room. Having seen it, I can say without any further hesitation exactly what a lot of you fellows need. You need a swift kick in the pants. You need a hard-boiled old top sergeant to bawl hell out of you.

A good song to sing at your next show would be, "The Ole Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Usta Be!"

I wish there had been more close-ups in (Continued on page 60)



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3-33

A Silent Member SPEAKS OUT

By William H. Garrigus

IN THESE days of "economy" organizations who seem pledged to an attempt to show up the wicked workings of veteran organizations it might be well for Legionnaires to back their outfit with a little more spirit. Far too many of us pay our dues and then sit back and let the Legion get on the best way it can. We wear the emblem, we read the Monthly, but there our real activity stops. I know, comrades, because I have been a silent member since 1924.

Every Legionnaire has an opportunity to get into the fight and help. It may be that your job will be to set some windjammer right when he sounds off about the terrible load the vets have put on the taxpayers. Explain what you know about it and try to convince him that the Legion is not a panhandling organization. Get his good will. Take a few minutes and write that Congressman of yours when a piece of veteran legislation is in the works.

Legion made me realize that it was my duty to join it.

Back in 1923-24 I was one sick hombre. They had doped me up since my discharge so that I kept going until 1923; then I folded up right, and I stayed folded up for many long months. In hospital I saw what the active Legionnaires were doing. They came to me, a non-member, and finally convinced me that I should file a claim. They handled a job I was too sick to handle myself.

My claim was not allowed, principally because I was tired of the damnable grind of trying to convince the medics that I did rate service connection. My buddies in the Regular Army had scattered to the four winds since my discharge, my officers were all either dead or in hospital themselves. Getting statements was out of the question. I was far too ill myself to stand the strain of prolonged physical examinations by a staff that I considered hardly up to the standards of A. E. F. days. My service record showed



PHOTOGRAPH BY N. LAZARNICK

"In hospital I saw what the Legionnaires were doing. They came to me, a non-member, and convinced me that I should file a claim. They handled a job I was too sick to handle"

You have no idea what you can accomplish toward helping the Legion in the coming fight until you try. Above all, pay your dues.

About here is where you are wondering what woke me up. I don't blame you. I often wonder how I kept silent so long. The Legion helped me to make these new resolutions, just as the

little except plenty of service because I had refused to go back to hospital when my outfit was in action. All I asked of anyone was the chance to get the kinks out of my brain, my body in something like fair shape, find a job and an opportunity to provide for my family. I was in the mood to tell everyone where to go. So my claim was shelved—and that was that. (Continued on page 44)

FISH EYE

by

R.G.KIRK

THE veteran rough-necks on that crew of ours would walk the top of an I-beam with less caution, ordinarily, than you would use to walk across a newly polished dance floor. A hundred feet aloft, a thousand feet aloft—it made no difference to them. But I noticed out at Hsipaw that they used the bottom flanges, walking astride, sliding their feet along tight pressed against the opposite sides of the web. And I noticed this before the men began to fall. So I asked Big Heeney about it.

Big was foreman of the raising gang. Big was the hardest boiled, the roughest necked and the bristle whiskeredest bridging gentleman extant. In all his years of hazardous breadwinning Big had never felt the slightest qualm at dizzy height. I knew this. I had seen Big go up. So it was Big I asked.

Big rubbed a set of murderous knuckles into his rusty mop of hair.

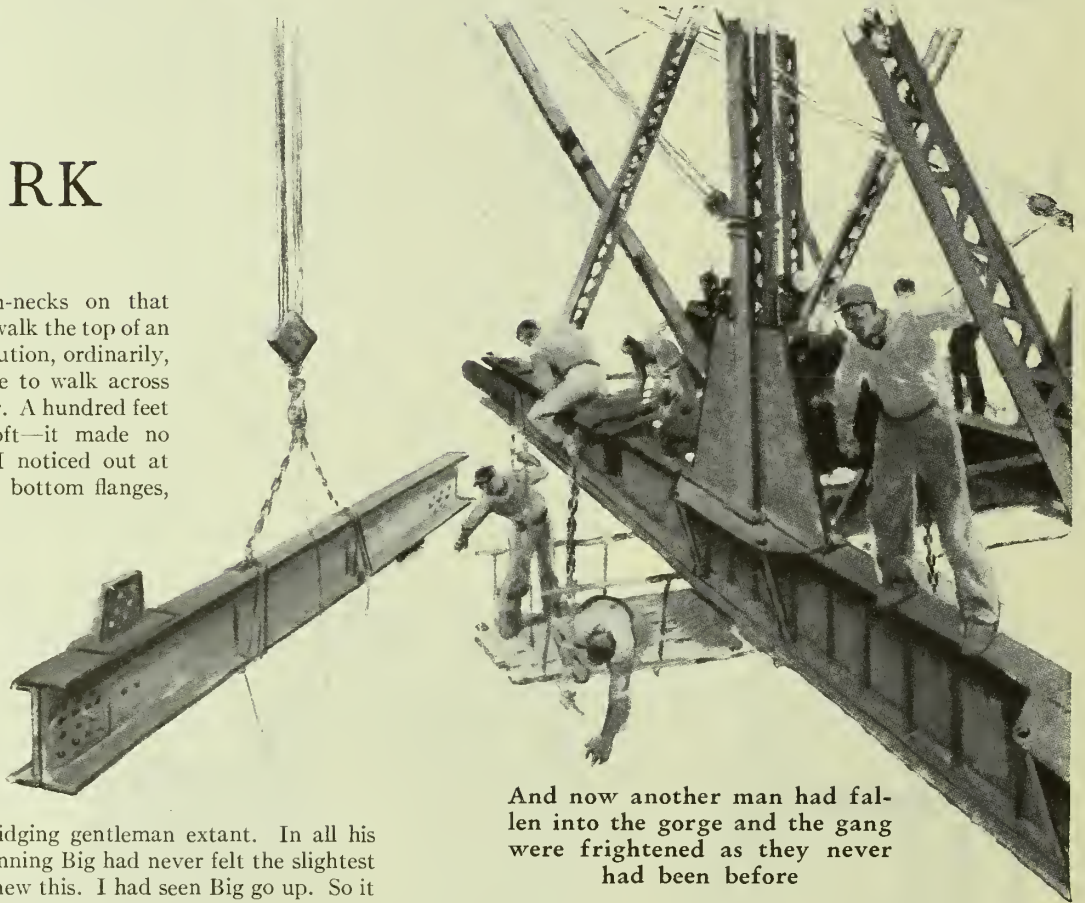
"I don't know, Kid," Big pondered. "I don't just rightly know. Only there's something queer about this Hsipaw slash, that's all. It gets you."

Big was right. Before the job was done the Hsipaw had got five, fine veteran steel hands, every man of them.

It wasn't the Hsipaw's depth. The drop below doesn't affect a bridgeman. A thousand feet, good bridgemen claim, won't kill you any deader than a hundred. The Chungzwi, boiling along the bottom of the Hsipaw, had bored a marvelous tunnel into the living rock on which our steel arose. Into that ominous black hole the river, frothing madly, plunged and disappeared, six hundred feet below the lowest concrete pier, a thousand feet below the top of our traveler's boom. But it wasn't this that made our veteran rough-necks walk astride I-beams.

Hard to say what it was. Burma, perhaps. Old Mother India—where life had teemed through unknown centuries. Such countless millions have been bred by Mother India; such countless millions have been gathered back to her again. Life is hers. Maybe, not noticing your color, she will gather you into some sheaf of her own brown children, in one of her tremendous reapings. I think the men felt this; how little value India puts on lives. There are so many more where these came from.

Then the Hsipaw itself; not just its depth. Its majesty. Its overpowering beauty. Standing upon its



And now another man had fallen into the gorge and the gang were frightened as they never had been before

brink, the soaring ranges of the Hills of Shan lifted your eye up out of the mighty gorge, away, away, until tall summits lost themselves in cloud. And through these lofty battlements the Hsipaw broke, a green terrific gash that finally swept around the shoulder of a hill and vanished into jungle mystery.

The plunging depth, the soaring distances, the jungle's overpowering green, the overwhelming silence, save for faint wicked whisperings, which down below were snarlings, where the Chungzwi tore into the mountain's bowels. Oh, it got you all right. The Hsipaw, Burma, Mother India—they got five of us. And at the dawn of each day when a man plunged down to death, we heard the calling of the Voice of Siva.

And so it came about that, with the job half done, with the mighty lacework of the viaduct carried out above the deepest portion of the gorge, the men came in at whistle time one evening, and in a body asked to talk with Father Joseph. That dawn the Call of Siva had been heard again. That day Gus Bensen fell. Gus was the third.

"We're scared," Big Heeney said to Father Joseph.

In all the world there was just one living man who could have persuaded me that Big Heeney was afraid of anything. That man was Big Heeney. And I think Father Joseph thought the same way about it.

He looked Big over.

"What is it that you're scared of, Big?" asked Father Joseph.

Joe Priest belied his looks. Joe Priest was fair and

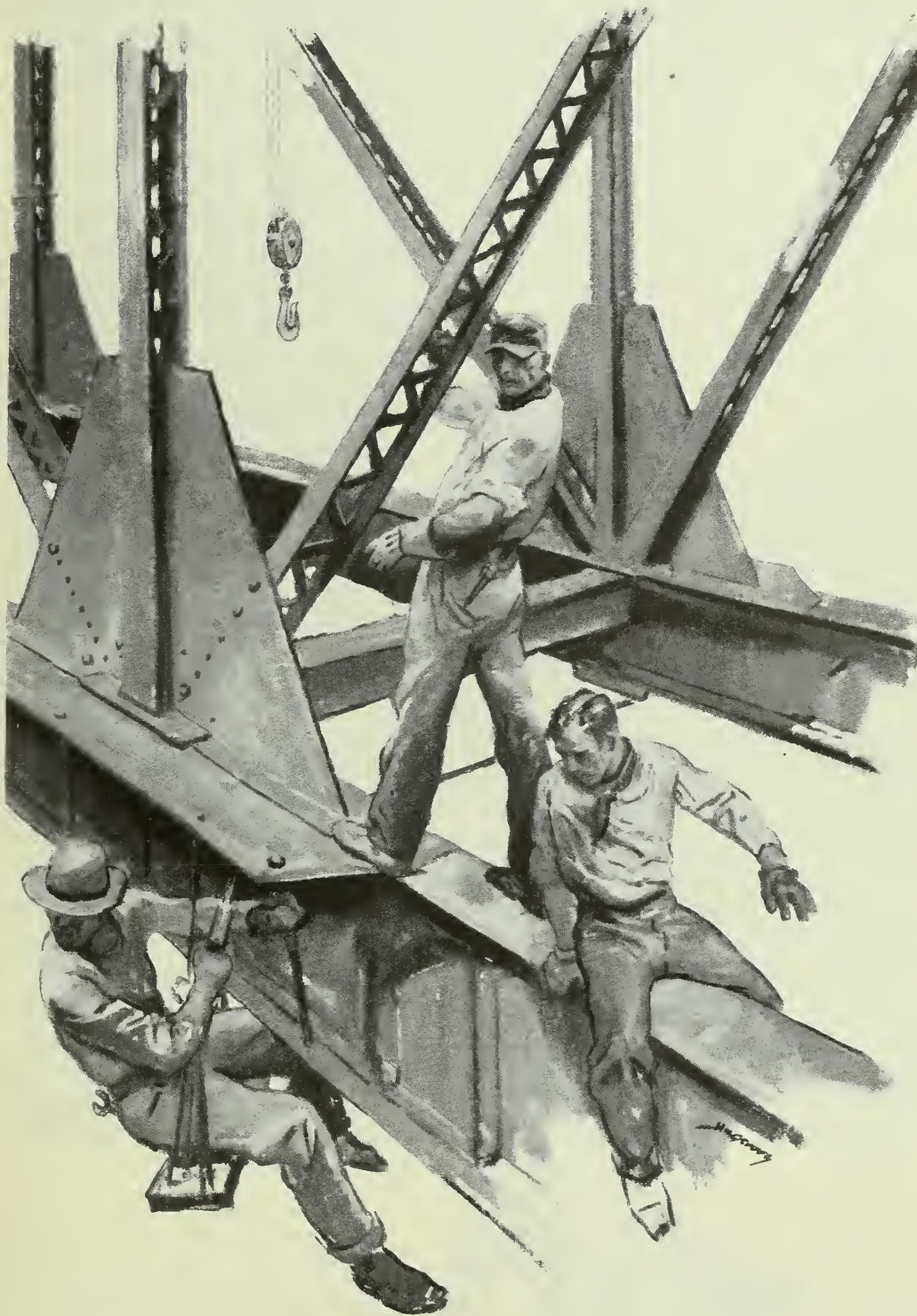


An Ancient Curse of Burma Spreads Death
and Deathly Fear over a Gang of Hard-
Bitten American Bridgebuilders

Illustrations

by Herbert

M. Stoops



rotund, bald and rosy and benign. Father Joseph, his inevitable nickname, fitted him like a cassock. But back of Father Joseph's smooth cheeked, genial face, resided a will tough as the steel he raised, and in his tubby body lived a set of thews as stout as Friar Tuck's; and from his blandly smiling lips there never fell

no doggone benedictions whatsoever!

A stubborn Father, this one, whom Susquehanna Steel had sent ten thousand miles to do a job of work for British Railways, out in Burma. East may be East; but West was Joseph Priest, steel erector chief; and when these twain collided, the East was due for a white man's beating—although I must admit it looked far otherwise more times than once before our job got done.

"What is it that you're scared of?"

Leave it to Father Joe to get right at the heart of any trouble.

"You've seen men fall before, haven't you, Big?" asked Father Joseph. "Well, listen, then. It took more out of me to lose these three than out of any of you men. I am responsible for them. Besides, those three raised many a ton of steel with me. More than any of you but Big. Those three were friends of mine. But it's all part of bridging, isn't it?"

Big Heeney looked a bit shame-faced, and the men behind him shifted about uneasily. It was hard to admit you were afraid, and harder this time to say why. But Big Heeney had been doing hard things all his life.

"Sure thing we've seen men fall," said Big. "But there never was no damn heathen bell on any other job we ever worked on to tell us in the morning before we came to work that one of us was going to drop that day!"

And there it was. That terrible bell of old Fish Eye across the gorge. The bell the natives called the Voice of Siva.

"Well, I'll be go to hell!" said Father Joe. "So them

little Burma gals you been visitin' around with on your days off have been filling you monkeys full of native hooey! I know this song and dance. Old Fish Eye over there ain't going to let us white men build this bridge to enter his back country! You big apes ought to be ashamed! You're beginning to believe it! You'll all be hangin' up your socks next Christmas Eve! . . . Listen, you hard skulls. Gus is gone. Gus and two more. When it comes your

time would you rather go like Gus and Pete and Hefty went, or in bed, with some kind of bellyache that will take a year of suffering to shove you off? I'm the safest steel erector to work for in the business, and you know it. Last hundred thousand tons of steel I put up didn't cost a man. Well, ycu and me are going to throw a viaduct across this gorge, and no lousy heathen gong is going to stop us. Get over to the camp, the lot of you. Get New York on the radio, and let some good American dance band blow the fairy story fog out of your heads. And be out here in the morning, shoving steel into old Stone Face, and making him like it. Meantime, tonight, I'll look into that Puss-in-Boots story for you, and I'll let you know in the morning if there's any truth to it!"

Queer, what the East can do to you. Here was a bunch as rough-tough as they come, utterly practical, utterly unafraid; utterly unimaginative, so you'd think; yet every one of them scared sweatless by an iron temple gong, and by the contemptuous leer upon the stone face of a heathen god.

Father Joseph knew that he was up against something very real. Something as real as Santa Claus, for instance. Something as real as that in the human mind which lives on after Puss-in-Boots no longer interests it. The East was making something stir back in dim corners in the minds of these tough bridgemen; something which had not stirred for many a year, but which had lain there, waiting to be stirred.

Father Joe was looking for me when I clambered up out of the gorge that evening with my pair of native brush cutters and my transit.

"How does she check?" asked Father Joe. But it was an automatic question. There was no real interest in it.

"To that well known old red hair," I told him. "Those British Railway engineers did a job of setting foundation bolts down there in the jungle. If our steel is fabricated half as—"

But Father Joseph wasn't listening to what I told him.

"Say, Kid," he said, "you set up, will you, and draw a bead on old Fish Eye with that telescope of yours . . . No. Don't take the gun outside. Here in the shanty. Sight through a window. I don't want any of the gang to know I'm giving old Dead Pan across the way a tumble. Let's see if we can discover any one sneaking about over there."

Across the gorge from our construction camp a beetling limestone cliff reared frowning battlements. Our steel was aimed directly midway up this sheer bare wall. Blue-gray, and streaked with brilliant red and brilliant yellow here and there, the great escarpment lifted high its awe-inspiring bulk, and challenged us to come. Already British engineers, swinging in little boatswain's chairs by hazardous lines, had marked with paint the portal of the tunnel which some day would spectacularly swallow the trains off the viaduct, into the very mountain's heart.

I think that this terrific bastion of rock, upreared so threateningly there, across the gorge, had more to do than any other thing with the feeling of impertinence that hourly swept the men who were pitting human strength and strength of steel against the mighty Hsipaw.

And to cap all, up on the top of this stupendous barrier towered the great stone face of Siva, the Destroyer.

The cross hairs of my transit fell across his mouth as the lenses brought it near. The cruelest mouth of sculpture. The cruelest mouth that time and man and art have ever brought into being since the world began—the lips so full they pouted; and yet so pitiless their sensuality, I would not have been surprised had I seen fresh blood drooling down from them.

I swung the cross hairs up along the flat, broad, carnal nose and found the stony eyes, cold, merciless, all-seeing. And I shuddered.

"Here, Boss," I said. "You stare old Dead Pan down. He gives me heebie-jeebies!"

Father Joe stepped up to the transit. He watched old Dead Pan through it for a long, long time.

"I know you," Father Joe addressed him finally. "I know you, you big, dumb, flat-faced bohunk. You're old Fe-fi-fum himself! And you smell the blood of a lot of Englishmun who plan railroads into Upper Burma—to say nothing of the Americans who are putting up a bridge to let them do it."

"Kid," he said, turning to me, "I cannot see a human soul spooking about over there. But let me tell you: Over there's the old baboon we got to lick if we're to finish up this bridge on schedule—or at all!"

Strange what the East will do to you. Now it almost had Father Joe going.

He must have read my thoughts.

"Get this," said Father Joe. "Brass tacks is what I'm on the trail of. Not a lot of native devil tales about no white man ever bridging Hsipaw long as old Fish Face stands his watch. There's something behind the lousy howling of that bell each day at dawn before a man falls off this bridge. And I'm going to get the answer. A white man's answer, not some cockeyed Hindu myth. You're fresh from college, Kid. Have the books got anything on old Fish Eye, over there?"

Well, there isn't very much in Lambert's Differential and Integral Calculus on ancient Hindu history, nor in any other of the books that get you a C. E. at Valley Tech. But when I had found out that the luck was mine, to be going along with Father Joe as his field engineer to Burma, I had read up greedily everything I could find about the country, starting with Kipling's "Mandalay" and ending with the "Indian Census."

And one week down at Rangoon, waiting for a hold of steel to dock, the people at the British Free Library there had been very courteous to me, and had guided me to everything that had been guessed about old Fish Eye out at Hsipaw.

The most accepted theory was that that mystic race, the Khmers, had built him, passing through. No other theory explained it. It was like no existing antiquity in all Burma; and it was very much like the towers of Siva, the Destroyer, that mark the marvelous ruins of the ancient empire of the Khmers, still standing in Cambodia, at Angkor.

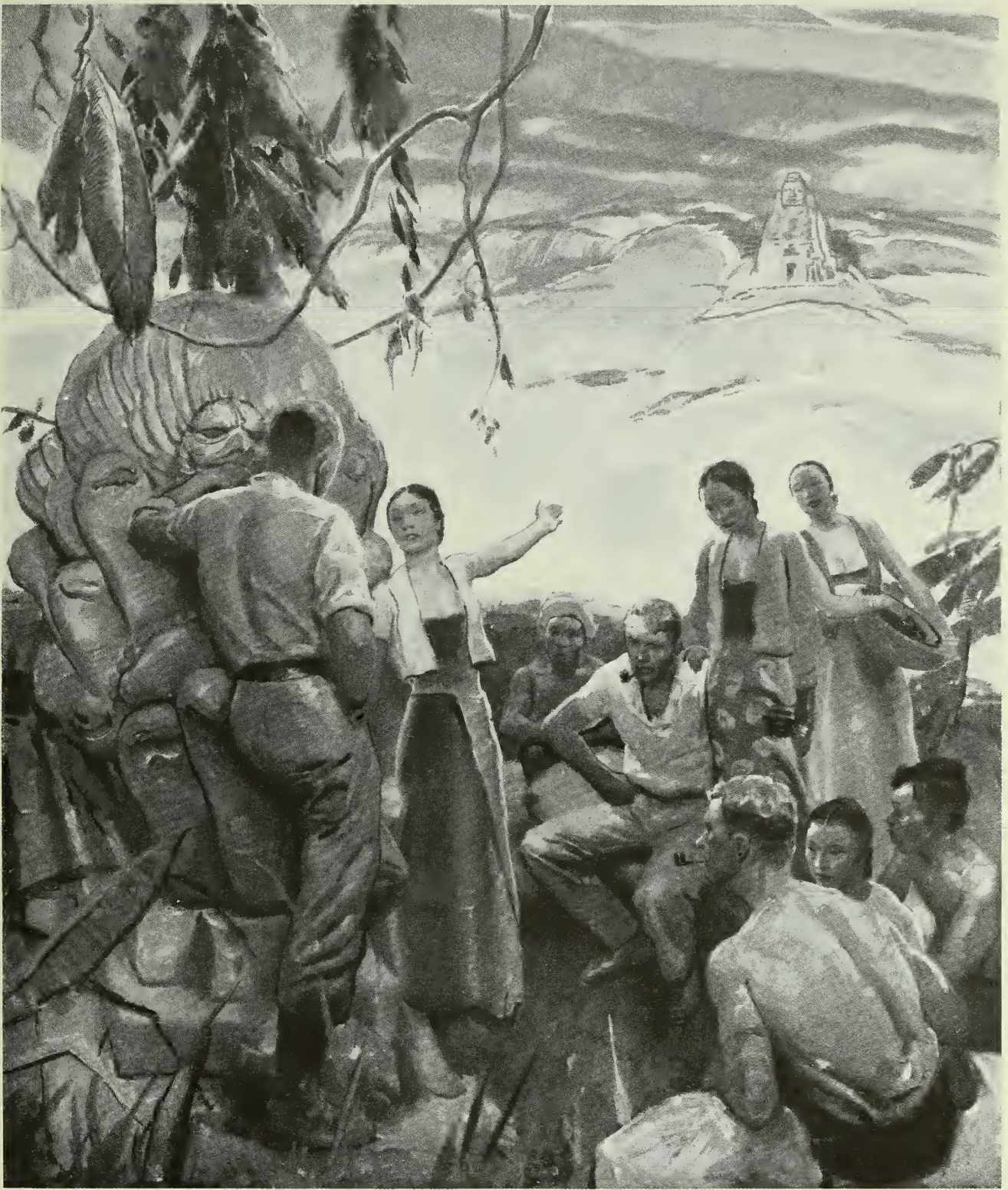
On the terrific journey of this ghostly people, out of the shadows of time and ancient India, into the power and glory that raised the mighty stone lacework of Angkor Vat, and on again into the unexplained blackness of utter oblivion, they had paused, maybe, this spectral race, to build this tower to their god at Hsipaw gorge.

There were not four faces here. There was, significantly, only one. It looked across the Hsipaw, back the trail. But it was the same cruel four-fold Siva, who leers down at his finished job where once a million of his worshippers thronged—the fallen metropolis of Angkor Thom.

Maybe he was the rear guard of a terrified people, set up to hold back some pursuing horror which a whole race fled. They



"Water boy! Wa-a-a-ter boy! Water me!" the cry would come down to the little man



The rough-and-tough steel erecting crowd had been told all about the bell and the Curse of Siva by the pretty hill girls

crossed the Hsipaw, maybe, panic stricken millions. How—with what hideous labors, with what hideous losses of the old, the sick, the weak, the unfit, none can know. None but the young and strong survived to reach the other brink. But once across they left behind the finest of their masons, out of a nation of fashioners of stone not matched before or since in all the world.

So, up on top of Hsipaw's barrier there arose this Siva, guarding the path of that stupendous emigration against the following of the terror it had fled.

What old Dead Pan had held at bay is hidden. Drought, fire, pestilence, insect swarms, beast hordes, human hordes fearfulest

of all—there is no telling. But hold the trail he did, and the Khmers, unovertaken, passed on to their mighty kingdom on the Mekong, and to oblivion. And he still stood athwart the trail, old Fish Eye did, on top of his unscalable, high fortress, at this strategic place of places for the turning back of pursuers. He did not seem aware that the great race which worshipped him, and set him there, had vanished utterly into the mists of centuries.

But his watch at the Hsipaw was coming to an end. His day was nearly done. British stubbornness and Yankee vigor were storming him. In all his centuries on guard he had never had to stop white men—men who did not intend (Continued on page 44)



C. P. CUSHING—H. KLEPSER

“When our troubles are finally settled the average worker is going to have more money, and also more leisure, than ever before.”

RANDOM NOTES *on a* CABINET JOB

By Roy D. Chapin

Secretary of Commerce

As Told to Fred C. Kelly

ONE day last July I was starting out to play golf when an unusual thing happened. Four of us were in the habit of meeting every summer Saturday afternoon at exactly 2:45 for our game. We had to be punctual because the links were crowded and if we lost our turn we might have to wait a while for another.

Just as we were teeing up for our first shots a man came running out of the clubhouse to tell me somebody was trying to reach me by phone.

My companions and I received this news with frank disapproval. To get away from telephone calls was one reason we played golf.

"Oh, tell 'em to leave their number and you can call later," suggested one of our foursome, eager to drive off.

That is what I ordinarily would have done. But something, I don't know what, prompted me to go in and take the call.

Over the telephone I heard a voice saying the President of the United States wished to talk with me. I had known President Hoover since he was Food Administrator and recognized his voice when he came on the phone. With but few preliminaries he asked me if I could consider entering his cabinet as Secretary of Commerce. Astonished as I was, of course I agreed to come to Washington without delay to talk it over.

I said nothing to my golfing companions about the nature of my telephone call. They noted that it seemed hard for me to concentrate on the game, and I played some very bad holes that afternoon. But they didn't ask me to explain why.

A few days later, after a conference with the President, I was at my new job.

I mention the episode now simply as an example of Mr. Hoover's method of directness. A President who was less a man of action might have hesitated to make such an inquiry by telephone.

It also illustrates the way life has of giving us surprises. We all get plenty of them.

Here is one that happened to nearly all of us, and yet few of us realize its entire significance even now. When the four-minute-men sold you Liberty Bonds back in 1918, did you suspect that your thrifty and patriotic purchase, along with millions of others, would be an important factor in leading the American people into a type of speculation which would cause tragic losses and contribute to the greatest depression the world has ever known? Yet that is what happened.

Comparatively few people had ever owned bonds before the war. Most people thought of bonds as something only for the Very Rich. Indeed, "bloated bondholder" was a common term for people who were considered richer than they should be. But buying Liberty Bonds gave people a sense of elation, not only because of the patriotic thrill they got from it, but because they had done something which suggested thrift and wisdom. They had invested their money in the safest enterprise on earth. When the price of Liberty Bonds dipped down almost to 80, not many be-

came alarmed. Then when the bonds went back to par we decided there was no need ever again to worry about such up and down fluctuations in good bonds. They might go down, temporarily, but they would always come back to the price we paid for them. We became a nation of investors. From there it wasn't a far step for some people to speculate.

From bonds we went to stocks. Having become a nation of investors, we were willing to put our money into almost anything so long as the tag on it said it was an "investment security."

But we forgot that every bond we bought was also a *debt*—that it represented money which somebody else had *borrowed* from us and that the borrower would some day have to pay it back, and in the meantime pay us interest.

Today it is those debts—often entered into by the borrower far too casually and without sufficient regard for the security behind them—which constitute the burden which has put so many business organizations, cities and even States into financial difficulties. It is those debts which are making it so difficult for many communities to pay their policemen, firemen and school teachers. It has become a serious problem to pay even the interest on these debts, let alone the principal, and still maintain the standard of living we all desire.

Isn't it strange that so many of our present difficulties began when we did such a sensible thing as to put our money into United States Government bonds—the most secure investment on earth?

IF WE ever get rid of most of this burden of debt, we should never let ourselves get into such a mess again. But first we must try to discover how we can get out of it. We are already partly out by painful processes of bankruptcy proceedings, receiverships and defaulted bonds. By looking over bond prices in newspaper listings we can easily observe that we have laid a tremendous capital levy upon bondholders. Many bonds that once sold at 100 are now down below 20. If all went to zero, it would mean that all such debts would thus automatically cancel themselves. But the havoc and unfairness which would be worked by waiting for debt cancellation by such wearing-out process would be more severe than anybody cares to face. To repudiate or renounce an obligation is contrary to the character of the American people.

Many plans have been suggested for getting rid of our debts or reducing them to a point where we might contrive to pay them. One suggestion is to obtain legislation in Congress that would automatically scale down all debts by various percentages. It is hardly likely that any such plan would be or could be adopted, though it would be a delightful experience for people in debt. Another plan for reducing debt is by inflation of currency. It is claimed that this, if carried far enough, would wipe out debt without anybody realizing exactly when or where the reduction had started. As money becomes cheap (Continued on page 42)



Victor Volmar, American, as he looks today

P. W.

By
Victor Volmar

they received regularly money and food packages from home to make up for the shortage.

Since hardly anybody had ever before made up one of those German soldier's packs which contained everything but the kitchen stove, and because the underwear and other paraphernalia was extremely bulky, quality being replaced by quantity, most men had a lot of things on their hands without a place to put them. Some strapped the left-overs to their belts; others made packages or used cardboard boxes, as if they were going on a picnic. We were given rifles.

We had regular Hamburg weather the evening we left—it was raining. In order to avoid the crowds and to get there safely, we took the subway to the station, where we found a small number of relatives and friends to see us off. They were mostly pale looking, shabbily dressed women, a heap of misery. On the platform were several piles of black bread, as our

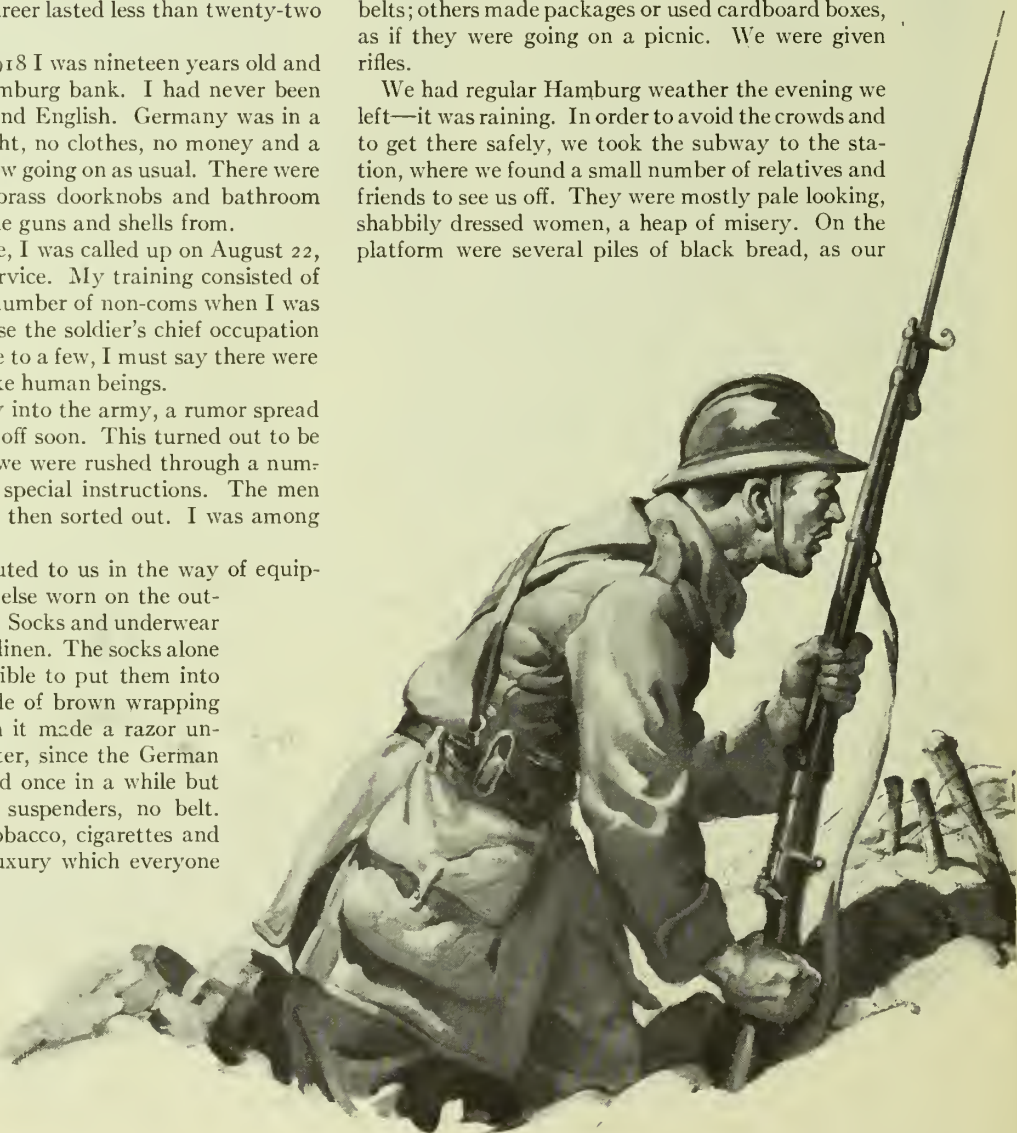
MY ACTIVE military career lasted less than twenty-two full days.

In the summer of 1918 I was nineteen years old and was working in a Hamburg bank. I had never been abroad, though I spoke French and English. Germany was in a bad fix. No food, no coal, no light, no clothes, no money and a great many more no's, but the show going on as usual. There were still church bells, copper roofs, brass doorknobs and bathroom fixtures to be taken down to make guns and shells from.

After having been rejected once, I was called up on August 22, 1918, and accepted for limited service. My training consisted of six days' being bawled out by a number of non-coms when I was not waiting for something, because the soldier's chief occupation seems to be waiting. To do justice to a few, I must say there were one or two sergeants who acted like human beings.

On the fifth day after my entry into the army, a rumor spread that another transport was to go off soon. This turned out to be true, like most bad rumors, and we were rushed through a number of inspections, roll calls and special instructions. The men that were to go to the front were then sorted out. I was among them.

Wonderful things were distributed to us in the way of equipment. Uniforms and everything else worn on the outside were second and third hand. Socks and underwear were of anything except wool and linen. The socks alone were so thick that it was impossible to put them into any pocket. The towel was made of brown wrapping paper and rubbing the face with it made a razor unnecessary, which was all the better, since the German soldier was expected to be shaved once in a while but received no razor. He got no suspenders, no belt. Toothbrush, toothpaste, soap, tobacco, cigarettes and chocolate were articles of high luxury which everyone had to buy from his own money. For this purpose and for recreation and amusement the government allowed the soldier twenty-two pfennigs a day, so that anyone not having friends or money somewhere was out of luck. Sons of farmers were always preferred as companions because



VICTOR VOLMAR was eighteen years old and an employe in a Hamburg bank when he was called for service on August 22, 1918. On September 12th he was captured by the French at St. Mihiel and turned over to the Americans. He is now an American citizen, holding an important executive position with the Greyhound Lines, and is at present engaged in survey work for his company in Europe—and incidentally looking over haunts that were familiar to him fourteen years ago

*Illustration by
V. E. Pyles*

only provision during the trip, aside from feeding stations en route, where we got soup, potatoes, and a black brew called coffee.

I shared a compartment with five other men whom I recall as good fellows. At night, two slept on the benches, two on the floor and two in a canvas tied up between the baggage racks. It was comparatively comfortable.

When we passed through the Rhineland I saw half-starved Italian prisoners working on the railroad and looking at us, hoping someone might throw out a piece of bread.

We went across the plains of Lorraine. It was a clear, quiet evening and our engine moved slowly, spitting fire under the heavy strain, because at Saarbrücken, our last stop, a number of cars had been added to our train. I got here my first thrill of the war. We had just settled down to sleep when suddenly I heard a heavy detonation. I rushed to the window. My eyes followed the flash of a powerful searchlight near the railroad until I distinguished very clearly the

something come down which exploded to the right and left of the train as if a big bag of empty bottles had been dropped. The train stopped and we heard voices outside yelling "All lights out!" It was probably the fire-spitting engine that had betrayed us. We opened the doors and jumped out, to get away from the dangerous railroad line. We must have stopped near a village and I landed there in something that may have been a barn or a doorway. At about ten yards from me, people were talking. I have never known who they were. After a few minutes of waiting and hearing no further detonation I walked back to the train, where everything was in confusion. The train started and I grabbed the first door I could get hold of and stepped inside. Others had been much wiser than I—they simply missed the train and stayed behind. At the next stop I got back

"The Frenchman was standing with his gun in front of the dugout, asking me to come out"



contour of an airplane, almost vertically above us. Immediately a machine gun started to fire from the ground but at the same moment the airplane was lost again in the dark and we heard

to my old compartment and very soon we were again sound asleep, as if nothing had happened, until we arrived at Metz.

The city was in complete darkness and silence. Metz was a feeding station and we were already used to getting fed at night, as if they were afraid to show us during the daytime. In those days the desire for food was generally greater than the desire for sleep, so everybody got up to get his soup. No, I forgot: This time it was a sandwich with raw hamburger with pepper and salt.

A couple hours later, still at night, someone opened the door and ordered in a subdued voice: "Everybody out. No lights, no talking." Apparently we had arrived at our temporary destination.

A long line was formed outside. Officers and non-coms passed and whispered orders. Finally everybody seemed to be ready and we marched towards some exit. We were at the depot of Conflans de Jarnisy, half-way between Metz and Verdun.

We had to walk about half an hour in the dark over hilly ground, with our heavy packs, until we landed at a barbed wire enclosure in which there was a row of dilapidated houses which were to be our quarters for the time being. Rather crowded, we lay down on the floor on some old dirty mattresses to get some sleep, but we soon found out that that was impossible on account of the many lice, so that the only thing to do was to get up again and walk around.

The next morning we could look around to find out where we were. The houses had probably been built for the families of miners or factory laborers. They had then been inhabited by Russian prisoners, therefore the barbed wire. Banisters, window frames and even part of the stairs and floors had been used as firewood. In one room a kitchen was promptly installed and some more stairs had to be sacrificed. The cook was a dentist by profession and he was stirring up the soup with a broomstick in a big boiler, in former days probably the property of some road construction company. Since there was no outlet but the door for the black smoke that developed, he wore his gas mask.

We had nothing to do this day and I walked around to get a look at Conflans. The town was shot to pieces and only a few inhabitants left. They paid little attention to the Germans, they had become so used to seeing them. The few cellars that had not yet caved in were used as bombproofs in case of air raids, which were frequent and were announced in advance by a large siren down at the station.

The inhabitants whom I spoke to answered in a kind and polite manner and one woman whom I asked whether she believed the Germans would win said that it did not seem so. I spoke also to several Russian prisoners who were in a deplorable condition, undernourished, covered with rags, and in dirty, lousy quarters every day exposed to the air raids. When I gave one of them a large piece of bread he was almost overcome. There were also some French prisoners in a hospital who seemed to be taken care of a little better.

In the evening some of the fellows asked me to join them on a special expedition which I found out to be to steal potatoes from a nearby field.

We spent at this place about three or four days, doing nothing in particular. Our only thoughts were eating and sleeping, although the latter was an illusion and at all times at night there were fellows walking around to get relief from the insects.

There was near this place an open-air pool and I talked to the fellow in charge of it. He had been drafted for clerical duty only, just like myself, and had been given work in some office. But he wanted to get some other easy job and purposely scribbled so terribly that nobody could read what he wrote, so they made him doorman in a moving-picture place for the soldiers until he was transferred to this pool. He gave me the kind advice to proceed in the same way, as I would be better off—a suggestion that would later have its consequences.

The fourth day there was a great commotion. It was announced that we had to leave. We had to report several times, were divided up into details and received bread. A few of us were to stay at this place, others remained nearby, and the rest had to take the train again. I found out that I had to go with the detail closest to the enemy lines. None of us were regular front-line men; some had been wounded before, others had been in captivity and repatriated as permanently unable to perform any military duty, and others like myself had been drafted for sedentary occupation only.

Just before we left for the station we were raided by French airplanes. Some clever Frenchman must have notified them of our departure. There was another raid down at the station and everybody made for the bombproof where Germans and French were standing together, talking, laughing, as if nothing were happening, until we heard no more explosions. I remember a little French girl standing there, very calm. "Ce n'est qu'un seul," she said. "It's only one." How these French people must have felt being exposed to the bombs of their own countrymen!

We started to move. Late in the evening I read "Mars-la-Tour" on one of the stations we passed. I have never known the name of the place where we left the train. We were supposed to be taken in wagons to a camp, but the wagons did not show up,



Main railroad station, Hamburg, where Volmar's military career began

so we started walking. I carried among other paraphernalia a helmet which was an awful bother. "Why don't you throw it away?" asked one fellow. Now, who would ever have thought of so simple a solution? I followed this advice immediately and flung the object of my ire into a potato-field. Since we had come from different places our equipment was not all alike, and nobody would ever check up on it.

In the distance we heard a rattling noise which turned out to come from the wagons we had been expecting. They proved to be

horses too. I later found out that this was the most advanced post he had to supply. He must have been quite human and very tired of the war himself, because it seemed to me that he picked the meanest fellows for that detail, knowing that it was the most dangerous one.

We left our guns in rusty condition at this camp, and the next morning I with my six new companions was on the way to the narrow-gauge railroad. We had to walk a long way on a road full of soldiers, mostly Hungarians, moving in both directions. In



Billy (right background), showing the hill where Volmar was captured on September 12th, from a photograph taken from Hattonchatel by a United States Signal Corps photographer the following day. The village at the left of the center is Vieville, with the cemetery showing conspicuously behind it. At the right an abandoned German ammunition dump is burning

very tiny, just like the horses that pulled them. I spoke to one of the drivers but did not get any answer. At first I thought they might be prisoners, but I learned that they were Hungarians, of whom there were many on this part of the front.

We boarded the wagons and the horses made good speed. Every half mile or so the road was camouflaged by multi-colored curtainlike affairs across the road. Aside from them, there was nothing to remind us of war. Not a sound could be heard, and the calm, beautiful night made one dream of home, comfort, friends and peace.

The camp we were taken to was quite well equipped, at least for those that stayed there. The temporary quarters for transients were as dirty and primitive as anywhere else. The next morning there was a roll call and the men were again divided up into several details, according to their trade. The officer, a quite good-natured fellow, asked me about my profession. I said I was a clerk. "You have a good handwriting?" he asked. I thought of the fellow at the swimming hole and answered: "No, but I can handle horses." This addition had a special reason. While we were standing there I saw a very neatly dressed orderly driving around in a little buggy and I thought to myself that I would not mind that kind of a job. The officer probably got the opinion that I was craving for action and adventure and he answered that he was sorry that his own horses at the camp were taken care of, but that I could go to the narrow-gauge railroad, where there were

the distance there were several French blimps in the air.

The road ended at Billy, a large camp and supply station, at the foot of a hill. There was a funicular going up that hill, but the cable had broken frequently and we were not allowed to use it and had to climb up to the top, from which there was a magnificent view. We boarded here the narrow-gauge railroad, at first driven by steam and later by a gasoline engine, so that no smoke would show. The very last part of this railroad, which led into the trenches and to which I had been ordered, was horse-drawn.

The last officer I ever saw had been at the foot of the hill, and the last non-com at the end of the gasoline-driven part of the railroad. He was the corporal to whom we had to report, and a rather peaceful fellow. Our dugouts were at some distance from this would-be terminal, towards the front lines, and we had to walk about half an hour more along a large road through the woods. It was getting dark and a warm, quiet evening, so quiet that I could hardly imagine that we were so near the front. I had noticed white spots along the road and paid at first no attention to them, until their number increased considerably; I went closer and saw that they were white crosses over the graves of soldiers that had probably all died on this very same road.

The dugout that I was going to occupy with my six companions was hidden in the woods, on a hillside, and we had some trouble in finding it. It offered hardly any protection against shells, for the front part was covered with only a sheet (*Continued on page 50*)

★ *The National Commander Says —*

DOCTOR, *We Are* AT YOUR SERVICE

Louis Johnson

ONE day in the fall of 1917 an American hospital team serving temporarily with the French was engaged in caring for an endless stream of wounded who were being brought back from the fighting in that always nervous sector along the Chemin des Dames—a road that a few months later would have its name written into American history. In charge of this American hospital team was a surgeon who was so familiar with the type of bone injuries that made up a large percentage of the cases that he was able to accept them all as part of the day's work. But even his stoical, scientific readiness to take things as they came received something of a shock when two terribly wounded French soldiers were brought in who had lain unnoticed on the battlefield for nearly a week.

That these two soldiers would be living masses of filth was inevitable. Their rags of blood-soaked uniform were quickly ripped and clipped from them, and forthwith a disgusting and horrid spectacle met the eyes of the attending medical men. "When I uncovered their wounds," the surgeon in charge said later, "there were thousands and thousands of maggots crawling all up and down the wounds of the thigh and on the abdomen."

No, even to a surgeon well accustomed to the sight of raw flesh and exposed bone it was not a pleasant sight. Medically, however, it was quite otherwise. "These two men," the doctor explained later, "who had been on the field for six days without water and without food came into the hospital, and except for the fact that they were starved more or less, they were in perfectly good condition. They did not have any fever, they did not have any septicemia, they were not dying."

Hospital attendants washed out the unpleasant visitors which the two poilus had brought with them, and where these visitors had taken up lodgings the American surgeon saw "the most beautiful, pink, healing tissue that you can imagine. In other words, the maggots had eaten up all the dead tissue, the maggots had eaten up practically all the bacteria, and the bacteria were not able to get into the circulation and produce blood poisoning, on account of the activity of the maggots."

All of us may well believe that the American surgeon, as he later related, "followed these two men with a great deal of interest. Both of them got well. There you had an example where the mortality in the hands of our best surgeons was eighty percent; in the hands of the maggots in those two cases the mortality was nil."

Home again in America, the A. E. F. surgeon revolved the phenomenon in his mind and studied it. Cautiously and scientifically he began to apply it, and with remarkable results. The scourge of osteomyelitis, a bone infection common in war and hardly less common in a mechanized and motorized peace, began to yield to the maggot treatment as it had never yielded to any treatment before. The surgeon began to employ it in the children's orthopedic clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore—a clinic which was his particular pride, and in which he had accomplished remarkable and beneficent results among the most innocent of all human sufferers.

Baltimore, as you know, is only an hour or so distant from Washington, and word of the marvelous maggot therapy traveled south and reached the ears of two men almost simultaneously.

One was the chairman of the Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation in the House of Representatives, the other was the chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion. Without the knowledge of the other, each used to sneak off to Baltimore to see the treatment applied. Without the knowledge of the other, each attempted to impress on the proper government department the importance of investigating the new discovery—a discovery which, if it lived up to its claims, would be of life and death concern to thousands of American veterans suffering from bone injuries sustained through wounds. The government department was rather conservative in adopting the idea. Now conservatism is a good thing, particularly in medicine and surgery; it takes a lot of experimentation, and then a lot more experimentation, plus a long wait for results and more experimentation, before a medical group is ready to throw overboard one method of treatment and to substitute for it another that may be radically different.

But the two committee chairmen thought that the maggot idea had developed past the experimental stage. They were both Legionnaires, and so was the surgeon who had treated the two maggot-infested poilus along the Chemin des Dames. So the chairman of the House Committee on Veterans' Legislation took the bull by the horns and called a meeting of his committee to which he invited the surgeon and his confrères in order to give them an opportunity to explain this new treatment with maggots. They did, and an absorbed group of Representatives, medical experts from the Veterans Bureau, and officials of The American Legion listened and looked and were convinced. The quotations from the American surgeon which have been given in this article are taken from the verbatim report of that hearing.

THUS, thanks wholly to the initiative, resourcefulness and alertness of two Legionnaires, maggot therapy for osteomyelitis, the discovery of another Legionnaire, won acceptance in the treatment of the disease among World War veterans, and won also thereby an acceptance that has since been carrying it into civilian hospitals all up and down the land. I say thanks to two Legionnaires, but actually there were more than those. It was a triumph for the whole Legion, and a triumph in particular for the National Rehabilitation Committee, the existence of which committee alone would be sufficient to justify the creation of The American Legion.

It should be stressed here, as the American surgeon stressed it at the time, that the maggot treatment is not one to be applied casually. "The method should only be used," he warned, "in the hands of the most careful surgeons and in the hands of those men who have been taught the fundamental principles of bone and joint surgery. The operation must be done just as carefully as you would do an operation if you used the old methods of aseptic surgery. The technique of sterilization must be abso-



Drawing by J. W. Schlaikjer

"It is the hope of The American Legion that the organization may continue to play at least a modest co-operative part in the general public health movement"

lutely followed, and this method can only be learned by experience and in the laboratory where the preparation of the maggots for their work is done."

Let there be a word of tribute here to the skill and devotion of Legionnaire William Stevenson Baer, M. D., late lieutenant-colonel, United States Army Medical Corps, whose death, brought on in part by the strain of war service, fortunately did not occur until he had won an epochal fight in man's ceaseless struggle against the waiting darkness.

It is interesting to note that, since Dr. Baer's death, competent hands and minds have made further progress with his discovery. It is no longer necessary to apply the actual maggots to the in-

jury; a sort of essence of maggot has been evolved, in paste form, which can more readily be applied to the affected parts, but the principle of maggot therapy remains a monument to Dr. Baer's skill.

We all know what a splendid fight medical science is waging against the inroads of the dread scourge of cancer. Here is a problem of special moment to the World War veteran, whose age has already brought him well within the cancer area. Authorities estimate that more than 300,000 American veterans may eventually give evidence of some cancerous condition. Please note that these authorities do not use the expression "cancer victims," because if these men and (Continued on page 48)

The RESERVE CARRIES ON

By Cornelius Vanderbilt
*Brigadier General, Officers Reserve Corps,
Commanding 77th Division, Army of the United States*



Machine-gunners prepare to repel an attack during night maneuvers of the R. O. T. C. in training at Fort Humphreys, Virginia

IF YOU should mention to the next acquaintance you meet, and he might well be a man who wore the uniform in 1917 and '18, that John Brown has been promoted to captain in the Officers Reserve Corps, the likelihood is that your remark would not convey a great deal of precise information. It is barely possible that your friend would be left with the vague idea that Mr. Brown has achieved a military distinction roughly comparable to that conferred on those gentlemen who from time to time become titular colonels on some governor's staff.

This is because the Organized Reserves, upon which the brunt of the burden of national defense would fall in event of a major emergency, comprise the newest and least understood element in our military scheme. It is a post-war development. It is a thoroughly American departure from the reserve systems of Europe and Asia, and, in my opinion, better than any of them. The annual cost to the taxpayers of less than eighteen and one-half cents per capita of population makes it the cheapest national casualty insurance that has ever been devised.

By the terms of the National Defense Act the land forces of the United States are composed of the Regular Army, the Na-

tional Guard and the Organized Reserves. The rôle of the regular establishment is well known and that of the National Guard has been discussed in these pages by General Leach. I have been asked to write about the Reserves.

Let us continue with John Brown. It is a proper approach to the subject, as the usefulness of the Reserve Corps rests on individual initiative and individual enterprise.

To have been promoted to captain means that John Brown is an energetic and active man who has served a minimum of four years as first lieutenant and has won his advancement by passing a written examination in the duties of his new grade. He is between the ages of 27 and 45, and it is more than probable that he saw active service in the World War. Every winter he has taken a correspondence course in some subject pertaining to his duties. On an average of once a month during the year, he attends a meeting of the officers of his regiment, or if attached to a division

in which "group training" rather than "unit training" is in vogue, a gathering of officers of his group. Each meeting may involve a journey of fifty or sixty miles, and every third summer he spends two weeks on active duty at a military post or reservation. This duty varies. One summer he may be an instructor at a Citizens Military Training Camp, another summer a student of major and minor tactics.

THE Reserve officer who is keenly interested in his profession is expected to spend two weeks in active service when appropriations permit. This service is voluntary and not obligatory, but the demand for active service on the part of reserve Officers is so much greater than present appropriations permit that it is necessary for Captain Brown, if he intends to hold his job in an Organized Reserve Unit, to keep up with his profession.

The different branches of the service go to different camps. The artillery officer usually has actual firing practice and the young infantry officer will have active service with the troops of the C. M. T. C. or practice in musketry, and in the actual use and firing of all types of infantry weapons, minor tactics, and other problems. The staff officers of the divisions and the brigades work out on the terrain, problems of tactics, administration, communication and supply, similar to those used in the great army service schools at Benning and Leavenworth. The experience of the general staffs of all armies has shown that the art of war can be taught by these exercises even without a full complement of troops.

For all this service Captain Brown receives only the base pay of his rank for the time he is on active duty. All other expenses are borne by himself. The two weeks' pay a Reserve officer receives while on active duty about enables him to meet the actual expenses incident to his other obligations during the year, without computing compensation for his time. Thus a Reservist gives to his Government much more than he receives from it.

I have described the Organized Reserves as a post-war creation, which is a fact, though actually the Officers Reserve Corps came into being in 1916 as the outcome of the pioneer "preparedness"

training camp instituted in 1915 at Plattsburg, New York, by the late Major General Leonard Wood. Before the corps really got under way the war had enveloped us. Comparatively speaking not more than a handful of officers had been commissioned. There were not enough of them to be other than a very minor factor in the mobilization and training of our citizen armies. But they did the next best thing, which was to demonstrate the soundness of the reserve-officer system at which we had made a beginning.

In 1919 the war-time military establishment was returned to civil life, and our emergency officers were given the choice of discharge, examination for commission in the Regular service, or commission in the Reserves. Nearly 70,000 accepted the latter, which was virtually sufficient for a nation trained to arms as we then were, though the corps as a whole remained without proper organization until 1922, when it was whipped into shape under the National Defense Act, as extensively amended in 1920. These three years of marking time left their impress. It was a period when diffidence toward military matters formed a part of the psychological backswing from the tremendous war-time effort. In the eleven years that have passed under the new régime all this has been corrected. Dead wood has been weeded out, interest stimulated and morale recaptured until today the Organized Reserves of the United States are the equal for effectiveness of those of any nation.

UNDER present plans war with a first-class power would entail the mobilization of six field armies comprising fifty-four infantry divisions, nine of which would be designated as Regular divisions, eighteen as National Guard divisions and twenty-seven as Reserve divisions. These figures, however, do not tell the story of the rôle of Captain John Brown and his fellow-Reservists in event of a general mobilization. The total strength of the Regular Army is 100,000 short of what would be required for nine infantry divisions alone. The deficiency of enlisted personnel could be supplied by volunteers almost instantly, but the additional officers would come from the Reserves.

This would be a very important (Continued on page 48)

"ON THESE CIVILIAN COMPONENTS DEPEND THE DEFENSES OF OUR NATION"

By Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War

*His Address to the Fourteenth National Convention of The American Legion,
Portland, Oregon, September 12, 1932*

I DESIRE to thank my comrades of The American Legion for the excellent service that they have rendered recently in protecting from diminution and destruction the national defense system of the United States. Recently I presided as chairman of the War Policies Commission authorized by Congress to find means for the preservation of peace and to consider the enactment of the laws that The American Legion has sponsored since 1921. The plea of the Legion is based upon the proposition that it is unfair, unjust and unpatriotic to require one man to die for the Republic while another is profiting by war.

To bring about an equality of the distribution of the economic burdens of war, the Commission has prepared a plan and has submitted it to the Congress. This plan, in my opinion, meets the desires of The American Legion. It does provide for the prevention of profiteering in war. It does provide for equal distribution of the economic burdens of war.

I had not intended to make a speech and I have none prepared. I came here merely to greet you, but I hope that when the plan is presented to you, it may have your approval.

Understand that when I thank you for what you did to prevent the destruction of national defense I am thanking you for the preservation of the National Defense Act.

Ever since the days of George Washington it has been held that a well organized militia is the palladium of our national defense. The National Defense Act provided for the training of citizen soldiery, and it was the support of The American Legion during the last session of Congress that saved the training for the National Guard, saved the training for the Officers Reserve Corps, saved the training in the R. O. T. C., and saved the Citizens Military Training Camps. On these civilian components depend the defenses of our nation. We have but a small standing army which is used as a training unit.

I am for adequate national defense. I am opposed to the building up of any military system in this nation that could be considered as a menace to the peace or happiness of any other nation in the world. Our people traditionally are opposed to a large standing army in times of peace, but they are in favor of that degree of national defense that will assure that no foreign hostile soldier ever shall plant his foot on American soil.

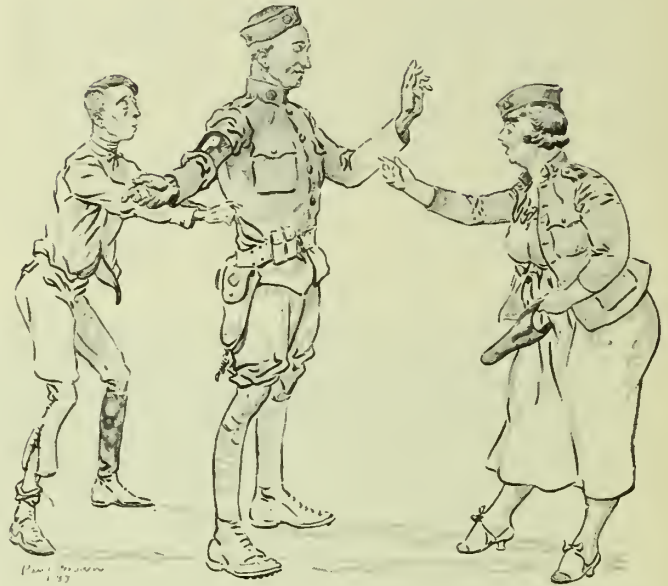
ONCE I WAS *a*

by
Frank A. Mathews

ONCE I was a soldier. At least my family thought so. Mother always referred to me as a soldier, but the top sergeant never did. I do not mean that the top sergeant never referred to me at all. Not that. He frequently took notice of me, but unfortunately always under circumstances when I was not at my best. That is a habit of top sergeants. It seemed that the top disliked me for some peculiar ideas which he had formed and which he vehemently expressed as to certain social irregularities of my ancestors, over which, of course, I had no control even if they had been true, which they were not. Furthermore, I might have felt much worse had it not been that he spent much of his time expressing the same ideas concerning the rest of the company, collectively and individually. Figuring it out on the ratio of possibilities it seemed incredible that so many men of unsavory parentage could have gravitated to one company. So I put it down to a peculiar kink in the mental processes of this top sergeant. I later discovered it was simply a general attribute of military rank.

In June, 1917, I made my first attempt to get into the Army. I had come to the conclusion that my country needed me. In fact, I was convinced that I was indispensable to its salvation. It was personally inconvenient to me to interrupt my law studies just to go out and save the country, but I knew that I could never forgive myself if I sat by and let the great United States suffer the loss of its national integrity. So I made application for the first Officers' Training Camp. I got along right well until they put me on the scales. I was under weight according to regulations—grossly, ridiculously under weight—and they told me to put on my clothes and go home.

I waited three months. I drank eggs and milk. I ate fattening



It was an honorable but utter retreat

foods. I determined to attain the weight which the regulations said I must have to save my country, though why in hell the country was so finicky about the size of the man who was going to save it I couldn't understand. It seemed a silly sense of pride. I thought of Napoleon. At a time like that I always try to think of some great man. Napoleon. The French were not so narrow-minded that way, nor do I think in many other ways, and they seem to have a lot of fun.

In August, 1917, I applied for the second training camp, and the scales showed that I weighed four pounds *less* than in June. I argued about it again, but it was of no use. What there was of me seemed satisfactory, but there wasn't enough. The Army regulations had remained the same for three months—something they have never done since, as any ex-soldier knows.

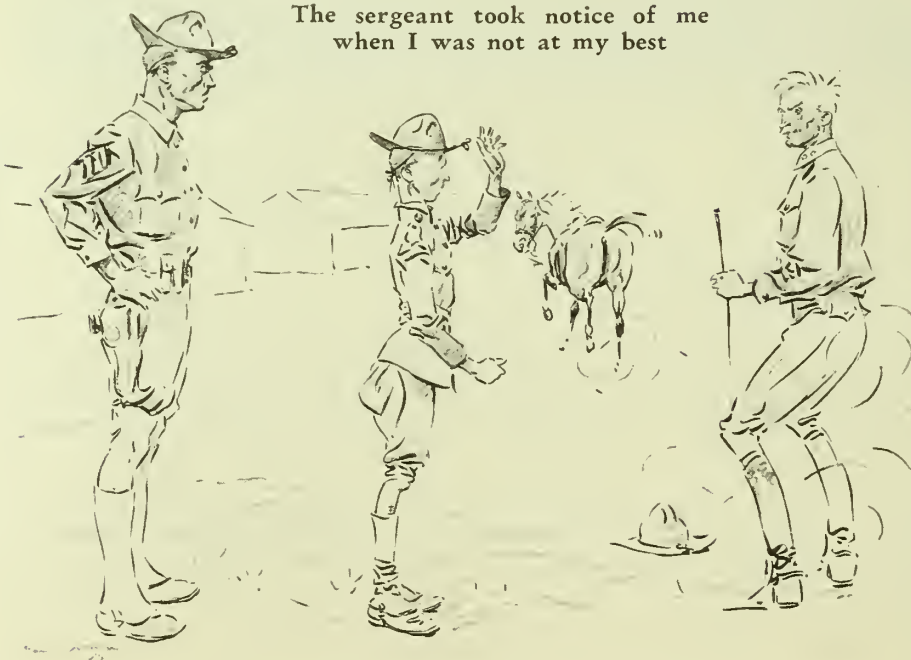
There was only one thing left to do. I enlisted, and they accepted me as a private. It puzzled me that there was enough of me to make a private but not enough to make an officer. After thinking it over I came to the conclusion that what they wanted in an officer was quantity and in an enlisted man quality. My subsequent experience led me to believe that they generally got what they wanted.

I enlisted on Friday. Friday is a bad day to do anything, except to receive a pay check. The next Thursday—six days after—I was sailing out of New York harbor for France—and the country was safe!

This rapid evacuation took even *my* breath away. Of course I was all along thoroughly convinced my country needed me, but, good Lord, even *I* had no idea the need had suddenly become so urgent!

And then I began to learn the rudiments of Military Intelligence. Military Intelligence, for the benefit of you who may not know, is divided into two

**The sergeant took notice of me
when I was not at my best**



SOLDIER

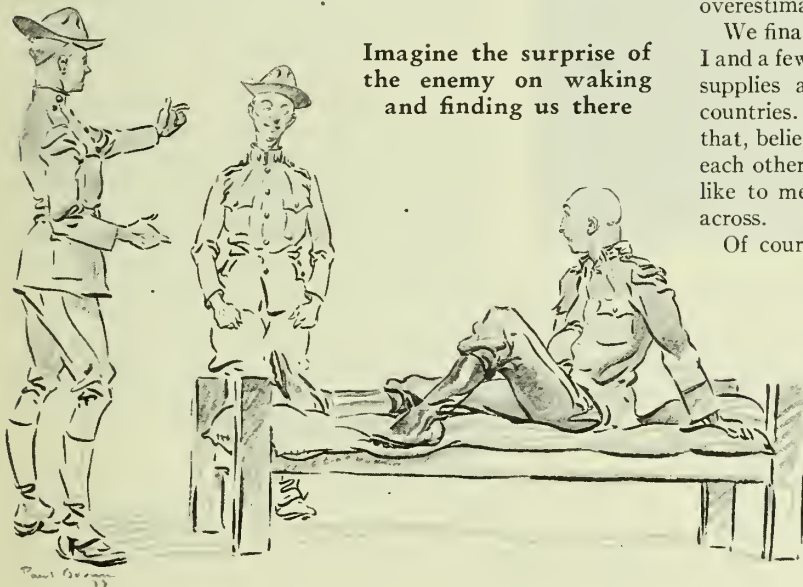
Illustrations
by Paul Brown

general heads—first, finding out as much as possible about the enemy, and secondly, letting the enemy know as little as possible about you. It was the latter branch with which I was particularly concerned and with which I had the most success. Naturally, the less you know yourself the less the enemy can find out from you. The enemy found out absolutely nothing of military value from me.

Now, to illustrate this branch of Military Intelligence: The war had been going on for several years. The United States got into it on April 6, 1917. You see it was a second-hand war then. It's too bad we couldn't have picked a nice, new, fresh one. We sailed out of New York harbor on September 27, 1917, and before we left the dock everybody was driven below decks—not a soldier to be seen aboard the peaceful-looking British passenger ship. A marvelous piece of work! No one would ever suspect that the American Government was sending a single soldier to France! It was just training and equipping millions, marching them down to the docks, on to the ships, off the other side and then hiding them somewhere, and the ships sailed away—empty! Or so the enemy thought, of course. Or that is what they thought if they had no more intelligence than we gave them credit for.

But in our case they didn't stop at that. Taking no chances, they sent our ship to Halifax first, then to Liverpool. From there we went to Southampton by rail. From Southampton we crossed the English channel secretly at night in a violent storm and—were in France! Imagine the surprise and consternation of the enemy upon suddenly waking up and finding us there! All ten of us! For I forgot to tell you I was in a special detachment of ten men.

I take it for granted that this procedure was followed in



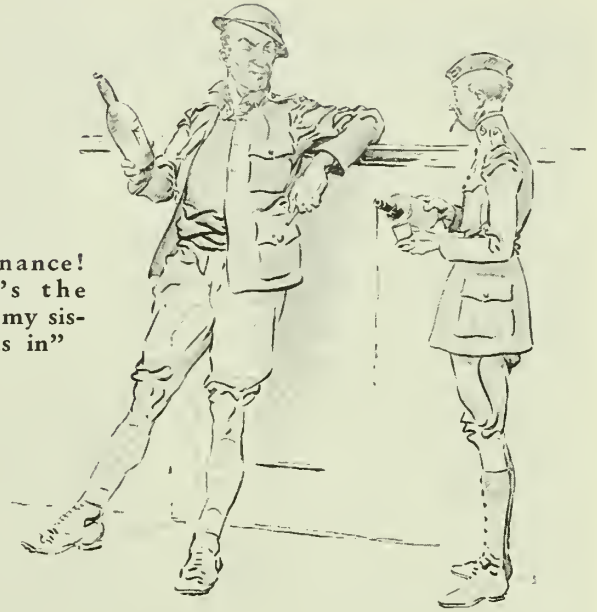
Imagine the surprise of
the enemy on waking
and finding us there

general, but I may be wrong. Perhaps it was only my own journey to France that the Government was so anxious to keep secret:

I was in the Ordnance Department. It was just a name to me when I got in. I had no departmental esprit de corps until after I had been in France some time and, engaging in conversation with a doughboy back from the front, he inquired what branch of the service I was in (apparently not recognizing the flaming beanpot I wore on my collar). Upon my replying "Ordnance" he said, "Oh, yes, that's the outfit my sister's in back in Philadelphia."

Now I had a nice uniform the Government gave me—high collar, peg-top breeches, roll stockings, studded shoes, etc. But no weapons. This seemed strange to me. I thought that the principal purpose of a soldier was to fight. Just how they ex-

"Ordnance!
That's the
outfit my sis-
ter is in"



pected me, absolutely unarmed, to combat men equipped with rifles, grenades, machine guns, artillery and poison gas, was a puzzle at first. I was considerably flattered by what seemed to be the Government's confidence in my own unarmed personal ability, small as I was, but I felt they had taken my statements about saving the country a little too seriously and had slightly overestimated my ability.

We finally got to Paris and I learned that General Dawes and I and a few others were supposed to attend to the purchasing of all supplies and equipment for the American Army in foreign countries. And it was *some* job. It kept us busy—so busy, in fact, that, believe it or not, Charley Dawes and I never once even *saw* each other during the entire war! I have often thought I would like to meet the general and talk over how we put the thing across.

Of course it is a fundamental principle of military strategy never to send the really valuable men near enough the front to be endangered, and when I realized this I realized also why I wasn't armed. So I was retained in Paris. Understand, I do not *say* I won the war. Many persons have claimed this distinction for themselves, but I think it is disgustingly egotistical. *I* let the facts and circumstances speak for themselves.

There I was in Paris, face to face with man's three worst enemies—the Triple Entente of Wine, Women and Song—and no means of defense but an earnest determination to save my country. I made an estimate of the situation and decided on a plan of action. I would attack the enemy one at a time, so that I would have my full strength against one-third of his. I knew I would need it. I would fight three separate battles. I understand Napoleon used to do this.

Of the three of the enemy, Song looked the most vulnerable, so I started after him. I never saw a song yet I couldn't lick. I tackled them as fast as they came, and I killed, mangled, mistreated, mutilated and tore apart every song they had over there and every one they sent over from the United States.

Flushed with victory, I went after Wine next. I fought it to a standstill. First I would get it down and then it would get me down. And so it continued night after night. Fortunately I escaped being shot, but many times I (Continued on page 54)

The ECONOMY

By
Philip Von Blon



THINGS looked black for old John W. Doughboy during December and January. I say old John W. Doughboy because he is about forty now, and that is reasonably ancient in this age of whizzing and whirring machinery run by lever pullers, bolt turners, nut tighteners, oilers and such-like ranging mostly from eighteen to the ripe old age of thirty-five.

Old John Doughboy, like everybody else, had been suffering from the depression jitters since 1929, but he had been able to hang on the job (some of him, at any rate), and despite a pay cut now and then and other minor disasters of the times he was seeing the depression through in the same way he saw the war through fourteen years ago.

Now, here he was, out in the center of the national stage, cast in the rôle of the villain in a melodrama. He was, it seemed from the newspapers and magazines, the low fellow who was driving Uncle Sam to the poorhouse. He was the burglar who had crowbarred his way into the United States Treasury to loot it of its gold. So the stories ran. Things looked black for him.

Mr. Doughboy had never sought glory and he didn't welcome this new notoriety. He remembered that the ancient Greeks had put a fellow citizen on the spot because everybody got tired of hearing him called Aristides the Just. Perhaps this economy hue and cry was just the natural reaction to all the good things about him which folks had said during the war.

As for him, he was off this war and hero stuff. He had got out of the habit of talking about the war, in fact. A depression is a lot worse. So many other things to think about, too.

He considered himself lucky to be no worse off. At least he wasn't like Jim Smith, who had been flat on his back for four years in Oteen. Then there was George Jones, who was still walking about, but with most folks wondering whether he wasn't about to crack entirely. George had been through the hardest part of the show in the Argonne, but it was not until four or five years after the war that he began to have funny ideas not only about the war but things in general. The post had acted tactfully, and George, who couldn't hold a job, finally had been rated by the Veterans Bureau as disabled and given compensation large enough to relieve his bewildered mind of the problem of bare existence. There were other Jims and Georges also. He might have been able to forget all about them if he had stopped attending his Legion post meetings and had cut his other contacts with those who served in the war with him.

In truth, he didn't want to forget about them. He was a bit proud that he had had a share in getting governmental help for those who were the victims of the war from which he had luckily emerged quite sound. The Government had shown that it was not a welcher. Even when it was hard to prove that a veteran's

ailments developing after the war were hooked up in some way with the service, Congress had directed he should be given the benefit of the doubt. Better to pay the occasional goldbricker than to impose harsh and inflexible laws which would rob the disabled man who, because war records had in some instances been lost or carelessly kept, couldn't prove his injuries or ailments were acquired in the service.

John W. Doughboy had never suspected that the day might come when somebody would be shouting that he ought to apologize for having served in the World War—or perhaps conceal the fact entirely. He picked up his newspaper one evening in January, however, and saw a statement which jolted his complacency.

WORLD WAR service men who had never belonged to any veterans' organization had held a meeting to form a chapter of a new society whose purpose was to obtain a reduction of government expenditures for veterans, he read. One of the organizers had appealed to the shirkers of fourteen years' standing in these words, actually quoted from an eastern newspaper. "Let's get together and see if we can't make the word veteran synonymous with patriot rather than with grafter and black-guard, as veterans have been called because of the present legislation."

"Called by whom and for what?" John Doughboy wondered.

MELODRAMA

H-s-s-t! Who is the stranger with the dark lantern and crow-bar advancing on the Treasury by moonlight? Ah-ha—Desperate Desmond Doughboy! But hold! All's well that ends well. The villain is somebody else, and the hero is still Uncle Sam's son who went away to the war

He thought of the stragglers who, absorbed in their own affairs for fourteen years, had rejected—contemptuously, some of them—any association with those who served with them in the war; who stayed out of sight while The American Legion was struggling to help Congress devise a system of aid for disabled service men which would be just to Government and veteran alike. It was amazing that the service man who had rejected the opportunity to have a voice in the shaping of those laws should now arise to heap by innuendoes the epithets of grafter and blackguard upon The American Legion for what it did to perform the duty he shirked.

Conceding that zeal in Congress for the welfare of the disabled service man may not have been always too wisely regulated; conceding too that some of the measures adopted by the Government may have been extended too widely in an effort to prevent injustice to the border-line cases; what could John Doughboy think of the sportsmanship of the peace-time shirkers who were willing to let the disabled service man shift for himself and fight his own battles? What could he think, moreover, when these very same men, rejecting a chance to work with The American Legion for an orderly revision of laws shown to require it, strove to sell out their comrades of service days? Sell them out in a propaganda campaign, which had grown to be the greatest of its kind since the war.

THE selfish interests of the country, seeking to thrust from their own backs the share of the tax burden theirs by every rule of justice, had called the roll of the service man who had avoided his peacetime duty to his comrades. Fight veterans' legislation in the name of economy, the selfish interests had dictated. Obedient to the command, the National Economy League and the American Veterans Association sprang up.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States long and frankly had been the exponent of depriving the service man of most of his rights. The Chamber, however, could not appear to good advantage when it came before Congress trying to take away the rights of disabled service men. The country's sense of fair play would be offended.

Just who conceived the idea of creating the stalking horses of veterans' economy societies does not appear. But, with business bad in most lines, high-powered publicity men climbed aboard the new outfits and began selling veterans' economy to the American public in the same way they had previously been selling soap,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. ALLAN MORGAN STUDIO, NEW YORK

tooth paste, higher electric power rates, the good old days before prohibition and the iniquities of "government in business."

Scarcely a magazine with national circulation that didn't join in the hue and cry against the World War veteran. Ironically enough, the service man in this deluge of propaganda occupied about the same rôle as the Kaiser in 1917. The service man was the arch villain who was burrowing into the national treasury or riding on Uncle Sam's back in the fashion of the old man of the sea.

The propagandists said nothing about the annual expense on our own war debt, amounting to more than a billion dollars a year. They tried to deceive the American people by indicating that the 1933 appropriations for *veterans of all wars*, amounting to \$927,840,000, represented what it is costing this year to care for the World War veterans alone.

THEY said nothing about the other major items in our Government's national plight—such things as the burden imposed on the American taxpayer because of our inability to collect the more than \$11,000,000,000 owed to us by our foreign associates in the World War; such as the reimbursement of war-time contractors for alleged losses; such as refunding hundreds of millions of dollars to large income-tax payers by secret methods over a period of years; such as the relief measures for farmers and industry which took from (Continued on page 55)

Ever See A HORN-

By
Alexander Sprunt, Jr.



A loon is not
crazy

"H'E'S as blind as a bat." "She's crazy as a loon."
"That child eats like a bird."

Rarely a day passes that we do not hear one of these expressive comparisons. Yet the users of such expressions actually break down the strength of their statements by saying something they do *not* mean. Bats are not blind, loons are not crazy, and no human eats like, or as much as, a bird!

History, whether Biblical, profane or natural, is a study of facts. Accuracy in history is essential and inaccurate history is much worse than none at all. Since much of history is of human production there are, of course, mistakes in it. In these days the study of one kind of history is coming more and more to the front among all classes of humanity. It is the study of the life of the earth, sea and sky—in a word, Natural History.

In spite of the fact that birds, animals, reptiles and insects, to say nothing of fish, are still quite common about us today, there is a great deal of misinformation current in regard to them. People on the whole, for instance, are wonderfully ill-informed as to the commonest of birds, even those which frequent city parks and gardens. Birds are observed with greater ease, perhaps, than any other form of animate nature, and if knowledge of them is somewhat loose, it is not surprising that the other denizens of the woods and fields, less often seen, are even more obscure to many.

Aside from the familiar and recognized fables of birds and animals, those tales which so delight the juveniles, the commonly accepted opinions and ideas which are held by thousands of adults are almost as erroneous. While these inaccuracies cover every division of the animal kingdom they seem to reach a climax, both in number and impossibility, among the reptiles, particularly the snakes. Of all maligned and misunderstood creatures on earth they undoubtedly take the palm. The tales which are told of them and the credulity of the tellers are both apparently without limit.

For instance, all snakes are thought by many to be slimy. They are not

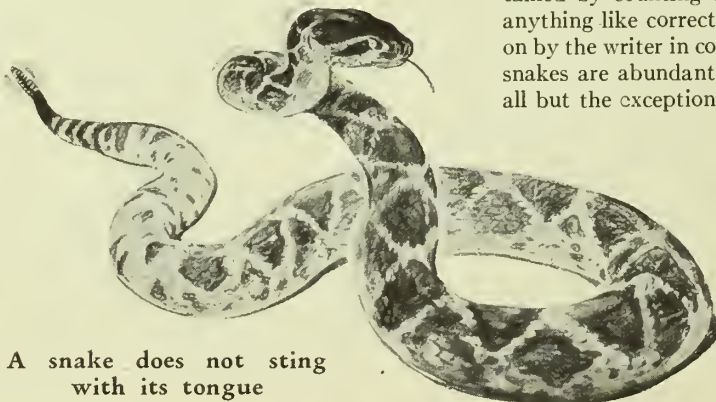
slimy at all. Naturally the water-loving species must necessarily be wet much of the time, but this is not what is termed "slimy." Fish are covered with a thin coating of slime, but no snake is and none has reason to be. Their scales are quite dry.

It is a widespread belief that snakes "sting" with their tongues. Nothing could be further from the truth. The tongue is a very important member but it has no slightest connection with the venomous apparatus in the poisonous snakes, and all snakes, whether poisonous or not, have tongues. The habit of frequently darting out the tongue, sometimes to the accompaniment of a pronounced hissing, is so universal on the part of snakes, and the forked tip of the organ is so unusual in appearance, that the latter is thought to be quite deadly. As a matter of fact, the tongue serves the snake just as our tongues serve us, with an added quality. Besides being an organ of great tactile value, a "feeler" in other words, it is also an organ of hearing. The forked tip is wonderfully sensitive to the slightest vibration set up by any sound and this is one reason for its frequent appearance—the snake is attempting to gain as much by hearing as by seeing. Anyone who has examined a snake will have seen that it has no external ear and even the internal mechanism of this organ is crudely developed.

Many tales attach themselves to various species of snakes, such as the lashing to death of the victim, human or otherwise, by the coachwhip snake. The horn snake is credited with the power of killing trees in a short while by piercing them with its horn. It seems almost obvious to say that this reptile has no foundation in fact; indeed, that it does not exist at all, yet there are hundreds who will stoutly maintain that it does and that it performs the miracles credited to it. They will even go so far as to produce the horn snake—which invariably turns out to be another species, more or less well known.

Snakes are said to "shoot their poison" at a victim. While they are capable of ejecting the venom to some distance, they rarely do so unless missing the object of their aim. The venom must enter the body of the intended victim to have any effect, therefore there would be no possible excuse for an external deposition of it on the body. One of the most universal fallacies current, is the belief that rattlesnakes *always* give warning by rattling, and another is that the age of these snakes can be ascertained by counting each rattle as a year. Neither is anything like correct. Intensive investigations carried on by the writer in coastal South Carolina, where rattlesnakes are abundant, have definitely proved that it is all but the exception when the reptiles *do* rattle. The

function of this peculiar appendage is not well understood by herpetologists, but on the face of it, it is against reason to suppose that it constitutes a warning. Surely, it cannot be provided by nature for use against humanity only, and if used freely, it would preclude the possibility of the reptile se-



A snake does not sting
with its tongue

SNAKE ?

*Illustrations
by
Forrest C. Crooks*

curing its food because of such advertisement of its presence to its intended victims. The writer once met a rattlesnake on a path through a broomgrass field; it was coiled and ready for trouble, refusing to budge an inch. Although teased with a stick for at least ten minutes, and actually prodded several times, it was finally killed without having made a single sound by its rattle. This member had eight segments and the snake was in perfect condition; it simply did not rattle. This is but one of scores of such encounters in the Carolina Low Country of which the writer has personal and definite knowledge.

In regard to the rattle being an indication of age, it is a well-authenticated fact that a new segment is added each time the snake sheds its skin. This is done two or three times a year, and if one could be positive that *all* the rattles developed by a snake were present when the reptile was killed, and *three* segments counted as a year of growth, a fair idea of the age could be ascertained. However, rattles are sometimes lost or broken off by passage through thick cover or other accidents, and it is problematical whether one ever finds a snake with a complete set. Certainly the element of doubt must be largely present and therefore an accurate count is not possible unless the snake has been watched in captivity for some time.

Another fallacious belief is that most of the snakes inhabiting this country are poisonous. The truth of the matter is that, of the one hundred and eleven species which occur within our



**A bat is not
blind**

such animals as the lion, tiger, rhinoceros and others. However, it has been proved time without number by hunters, photographers and naturalists that these animals invariably avoid man rather than attack him and, even more, show complete indifference if left alone. The work and results of Martin Johnson in Africa well illustrate this in regard to the lion particularly. The observations of such men as Carl Akeley and James L. Clark fully support Mr. Johnson's findings. Of course, any wild beasts may prove dangerous antagonists if wounded or forced into a corner, but if allowed to pursue their natural lives they either avoid or ignore mankind ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

It was Carl Akeley who exploded the firmly-rooted idea that gorillas are terribly dangerous animals. He found them disposed to be indifferent and more or less inquisitive creatures—very far from the roaring, chest-beating, man-killing beasts of fancy. Anyone who reads his fascinating book "In Brightest Africa" will gain a true impression of this interesting anthropoid. Much of the erroneous information in regard to the gorilla was gained years ago by accounts of the explorer DuChaillu, not so much from the inaccuracy of this brave man's observations, but because his publishers insisted that his writings have a dangerous flavor. Akeley stated that some of DuChaillu's manuscript had to be re-written three times before the publishers considered it sufficiently exciting.

Everyone has heard, perhaps, that the smallest mouse will intimidate the largest elephant. The reason given is that the mouse may attempt to use the elephant's trunk as a hiding place and that the huge beast is rendered frantic with fear of choking, etc., etc. That sensible people will believe an absurdity like this is remarkable, but it is seriously accepted none the less. If any mouse ever would run up an elephant's trunk, the most remote of remote possibilities, it would promptly be blown, as Mr. Akeley has remarked, "into the next county."

Perhaps the most time-honored connection between animals and weather finds its expression in "Ground-Hog Day," which falls on February 2d. The only grain of fact embodied in this belief is that the ground-hog, or woodchuck, does hibernate. During the winter months it remains in its burrow in a state of suspended animation, as it were, until the warmth of spring brings it out again. That it emerges, however, regardless of weather conditions on February 2d is absolutely fallacious, and to credit the animal with knowledge of coming weather is equally so.

One of the commonest of large animals throughout much of the country is the white-tailed deer. In some favored localities in the East and West, moose and elk are also to be found in some numbers. It is generally known that these (Continued on page 60)



A porcupine does not throw its quills

boundaries, a total of only seventeen are actually poisonous.

Animals have since time immemorial figured in folklore, legend and fable. Such things have their place, of course, and one would be foolish to advocate their banishment even if it were possible. But fables are one thing and the spreading of erroneous information under the guise of truth is quite another. The illustrations in regard to snakes show plainly that much misinformation is current in that phase of natural history, and error has crept into many accounts of the lives of the four-footed dwellers of our woods, streams and fields as well. One hears that all wild animals are dangerous enemies of man—the larger animals, of course, or what is known as "big game."

Ferocity, implacable hatred and the chance of instant death are almost synonymous in the minds of many with the names of

KLONDIKE



Packing over Chilcoot Pass, where men were strictly on their own in the gamble with cold and death for gold

NATURE Brought Up Its Heaviest Battalions—Cold, Ice, Snow, High Mountains and Swift Rivers—but It Couldn't Stop the Klondike Adventurers of the Late Nineties. Frederick Palmer Recounts His Experiences as a Correspondent in America's Toughest (Any Way You Take It) Rush for Gold. It Made Him Miss the Fighting in Cuba, but It Was Almost Worth It

or we'll never know whether we passed out by starving or freezing to death."

"Right you are, Ed, you lousy old piece of human infection," was the reply as they struggled to their feet. "Ain't we been acting plumb foolish, when all our stuff's over the pass, and the worst behind us?"

"Sure. All we got to do now is to build our boat, float to Dawson and get the gold."

The lure of gold was shining again in their eyes—the lure which started seventy-five thousand men to the Klondike after the news of the great strike. Gold—placer gold—poor man's mining—awaited all who had the nerve and physical endurance for the pilgrimage into the frozen distances! And what man, who is able to take three square meals a day, thinks that he lacks these?

Soft handed and callous handed, the quick minded and slow minded of all races and occupations mortgaged farms, drew out savings accounts, borrowed, begged, and pledged shares of their prospective gains, in order to get the price of an outfit and a year's supplies, which cost from three hundred to a thousand dollars according to quality and variety.

I saw a big Swede, a lumberjack, lay a fifty dollar bill, all the money he had in the world, on the wheel, double or quits, in a Seattle gambling joint. He won a hundred, and doubled that, and won. Again he doubled. There was no more expression on his face than on the back of his ham hand. Again he won, and again. At that he turned away from the tempter. He was not a loquacious man. All he said was, "I tank I go Klondike." He had the price of an outfit.

After the steamers dumped the outfits on the southwestern coast of Alaska, tourist leisure ended for the pilgrims. Before them was the march over the divide. On the map this seemed the hardest part, and the rest comparatively easy. The mighty Yukon River, which rises on the eastern side of the coast range, flows past Dawson in the course of its great semicircle of three thousand miles to the sea. The pilgrims would whipsaw lumber from the virgin forests to make the rough boats in which they would float downstream to the promised land after the ice broke in the spring.

But what a hellion forty-mile stretch was that from the coast to the shores of Lake Lindeman, headwaters of the Yukon! It was spattered with tiny tents and caches of supplies. After a heavy snowfall you must dig your way out of your tent and clear the drifts from your buried cache. Sledloads had to be dragged

IN THAT bizarre Greco-Turkish War of 1897 I had seen the last army under the old lure of war—the lure of gay uniforms and flashing swords of smoke powder days. Now, less than a year later, I was seeing an army under a lure which will endure though we have peace for a thousand years—the lure of gold.

Every soldier in this gold army was a volunteer who devised his own regulations, chose his own order of march, and brought up his own supplies. He was under no general's orders nor top-sergeant's reproofs. He had a buddy, a partner, called "pard" for short—a partner who shared his hardships and the treasure they might win, nursed him when he became ill, made a team for the work which one man could not do single-handed, and supplied the companionship that kept him from going mad in Arctic loneliness.

As I listened to the names which two partners were calling each other on the other side of Chilcoot Pass, hate was in their eyes—in place of the loyalty of their pledge at the outset of their pilgrimage—as they fought in the deep, encumbering snow. At last they fell together in a futile half clinch of exhaustion—staring at each other.

"You ——— ——— !" (unprintable).

"You ——— ——— !" (equally unprintable).

But now they were "saying it with a smile," which gradually became a grin of mutual understanding. Their sense of humor had saved a bad situation.

"Bill, you spavined, wind-broken, mangy old son of a gun, it's time we put up the tent, made a fire, and put the bacon in the pan,

GOLD

By Frederick
Palmer

forward in relays. With the goings and comings, the forty miles became two, three, four hundred.

Rare was the pilgrim who could afford a dog to draw his sled when a good husky was worth the price of an outfit. A New Mexican burro which partner Pete had prevailed upon partner Joe to bring along, had done the relays faithfully until a turn in the trail brought him in sight of Chilcoot Pass. Neither man nor beast could draw a laden sled up the stiff height of that apron of packed snow. Here the human draft animal must become a pack animal.

Dark against the white, a line of straining figures, the veins of their temples whipcords, were in a lockstep, bearing upward camp stoves, saws, tents, sacks of flour, bacon, and beans—all their provender for a year's isolation from all sources of supply. Men racked by coughs, men in the first stages of spinal meningitis, kept on with the agonizing effort under the lure of gold.

When the burro, Blossom by name, saw the pass, he stopped dead in his tracks. This was too much. Here he quit. All forms of ingratiating, all curses, failed except as a reminder that Blossom could use his heels while he still kept his front feet dug in. His owners lighted their pipes and sat down on a pile of bacon to reflect.

"Well, you wanted him," said Joe to Pete. "What do you think of him now?"

After two or three long puffs, Pete drawled:

"What I can't understand is how our Lord and Savior ever rode one of those things into Jerusalem."

"We can pull and pack like the others, Pete, but I'm not going to help carry Blossom to Dawson. What are we going to do with our pretty pet?"

"I know donks," said a bystander. "They is wise. It stands to reason that the haycrop on Chilcoot don't look good to Blossom. But you say he done the relays, all right. If he'll go in the other direction, I'll give you a hundred for him."

Pete unhitched Blossom from the sled, went twenty or thirty feet back down the trail, called, "Come on Blossom!"—and Blossom trotted after him.



Gold out of a bench claim in the comparative mildness of the Yukon summer

"Not so bad," said Pete to Joe, "when we paid only fifty for him and he dragged our stuff so far."

I did not learn whether, after that, Blossom balked every time his head was turned away from New Mexico. I was hurrying on in my journey, as I am in this personal yarn, which does not attempt to describe as a whole the Klondike rush, which is so well known through song, story, and the movies.

My assignment was to pass the pilgrimage, which waited for the river to break, and to go on over the ice. For this I required dogs and sleds. Jack Beltz had both, which belonged to a man in Dawson for whom Jack had done an errand to the coast. Before the gold fever had made him a dog-musher Jack had been a cowboy. I looked him up and down, hook nose and straight blue eyes, and a bargain was concluded in five minutes to start the next day at dawn. Then Fritz Gamble, lean six feet two, asked to go.

"I'm a crack camp dishwasher," said the lighthearted Fritz, "and they say I've got an Indian lope with my long legs."

So Fritz made a third who was as good as his word in that test in which we might have had a tragic failure if any one of us failed to keep up to scratch.

On the second day out, after a camp in a blinding snowstorm on the other side of the pass, I was finding that I was pretty soft, after weeks without exercise, for a thirty-mile stretch on foot. My tendons were twitching strands of pain from the unfamiliar heelless moccasins and my deep, racking coughs sent spouts of steam from my sore throat into the dry cold air.

The next morning, when I tried to rise, I staggered into Jack's arms. He said I had a high fever, and was covered with rash. He and Fritz did their best to make me comfortable in our little seven-by-seven tent. There was no doctor nearer than the coast to tell me what was the matter.

I was so hot that I recall thinking that



Palmer photographs his companions and their St. Bernards mushing along the Thirty Mile River after the thaw set in and the going got bad. Jack Beltz up front and Fritz Gamble in the rear



More of the real stuff. Miners using a fire shovel to take the golden treasure out of a sluice on the Eldorado

Jack was lying when he told me that it was thirty degrees below zero. There were periods when I did not know or care where I was. In conscious moments I would shift my position so I would not hear the shucking of blood in my injured artery. This brought up too vivid a picture of the two Seattle doctors who had told me that the artery was bound to burst and kill me before I returned from Alaska. I remember thinking that if I had to die I wanted an iced pineapple on my right hand, a soup tureen of ripe strawberries in cracked ice on my left—with a free hand to eat myself to death.

What I had was a severe case of measles, which may be no holiday for an adult under such conditions. We had lost ten days, after starting with food for thirty-five days, in the expectation of making the six hundred miles to Dawson easily in under thirty days in the season when sledging was still good.

I could not afford to wait on a leisurely convalescence. When I rose to hit the trail, a fantastic landscape, which would not stay put, was swimming before me. The fir trees seemed to rise free of the snow and then to flatten upon it. I stiffened to the task. Before we camped I had done thirty-five miles on foot over the level ice of Lake La Barge, which was the end of easy going.

Long before we came to the half way post to Dawson, we had passed the last man making the winter sledge journey out to the coast. He was nearer the coast than we were to Dawson. This old timer said we would have a close squeak before the ice broke. And he reminded us to take care, as all old timers told the tenderfeet, because the ice went out all at once. One minute it was still, and the next on the march on the crest of a swift current.

By this time our journey was very unlike the pictures of Alaskan travel we see on the screen. These show the trotting dogs drawing the sleds over the hard snow of the lonely expanses where man seems so puny and yet so mighty in his self reliance. There is no spring in Alaska. Summer comes with a rush. We made our starts at three in the morning after the slush had frozen at night. The thermometer ranged from ten below to seventy above. By midday we were streaming with sweat as we beat down the soft snow to our hips to make a new path for the dogs and sleds where the trail was waterlogged.

I was about to say that the last day of that hike to Dawson was the toughest of my experience; but then I remembered a day on the march to Peking, midwinter in the trenches, and spaces of tropic hell. Anyhow, it was one of the dozen worst days in effort and suspense.

We were down to rice, and not much of that, for men and dogs. I have heard how Asiatic coolies will do forty miles a day on a handful of rice. I suppose they were born and built for a rice diet. I was not. I might eat rice until I was blown up like a rubber toy, but in two hours of such gruelling labor as on that last day on the Yukon ice my navel would be rattling against my backbone.

With the long Arctic summer day in our favor, we determined that we would keep on until Old Man River beat us or we beat him. Here we picked our way along the bank, lifting the sleds over great roots and jutting rocks, and then worked our way around open water. When our meanderings brought us to the middle of the stream we might imagine what would happen to us if the ice broke then. The heavy crops of Klondike whiskers of the three famished "pards" would be mixed in a flurry with the hair of the famished, howling dogs, as we clung to ice cakes and shot past our goal, beyond rescue by either boats or sled.

In twelve hours we made twelve miles. Be it the lure of war or the lure of gold, what you have to do you manage to do, and later wonder how you did it. No city ever looked fairer to me than Dawson at my first glimpse, as we rounded a bend, and saw the group of log cabins which was the capital of the gold pilgrims' promised land. Four hours later the ice was on the move.

I hope that this does not appear as a boastful tale, but I can-



Yukon river steamers taking on wood for the trip to the gold fields

not resist repeating the highest compliment I have ever received. "What kind of a musher was this man Palmer you came in with?" I overheard a man ask Jack, who replied, "A white man if there ever was one." Thanks for the medals and citations, generals, but I remain very partial to this tribute from that beloved companion of the Yukon trail.

How I wanted Jack's dream to come true! He used to expatiate upon it at night in camp, before we packed ourselves in our sleeping bags, as we enjoyed the warmth of a great fire of dead pine or hemlock limbs. He had been a runaway boy. For ten years he had looked forward to having enough money for his conception of a fitting visit to his Pennsylvania Dutch home. He would rent a spanking pair of horses, with a red trimmed side-bar buggy, and a beribboned whalebone whip, in

Dawson turns out en masse to welcome the arrival of the first steamer from the outside world (meaning home) in the late spring of 1898



order to drive up to the parental door with a grand flourish.

"Ma and Pa," he planned to say, "here's your prodigal son"—as he stacked a thousand dollars in gold eagles on the sitting room table, as his filial gift in honor of the event. He would eat of the fattened calf and bakings from the Dutch oven, look up his boyhood friends, strut to his heart's content, and then use the portion of his carefully saved return ticket back to the best town on earth, Pocatello, Idaho. I knew that Jack had nearly a thousand dollars from his dog trips. At the ruling wage of fifteen dollars a day he could earn the remainder of the sum necessary to carry out his plan, and go by the last boat in the fall.

It was two in the morning when he came into the cabin which a friend had loaned me in Klondike City across the Klondike River from Dawson. He tossed the kindling into the drum stove, touched a match to it, and reflectively looked into the flames.

"Well," he said, "I've got to make some more—that's all." He had lost every cent he had at faro that night.

I don't know whether Jack or I was more affected by the incident of Patsy and Tim. It is the most touching dog story of my experience. For the insensitive half-wolf huskies, who drew our first sled, there were curses from Jack and the sting of his whip-lash's end. The huskies' loyalty is to the man who feeds them.

Patsy and Tim were the huge St. Bernards who drew the second sled. No harsh word was ever spoken to these high strung dogs of civilization—snow dogs but not harness dogs—bred to countless generations of tradition in the companionship of monks and the rescue of Alpine travelers.

The thing was to pat them and caution them against overdoing. The dog love for us was never out of their eyes, they never failed to respond though their bleeding feet were being further lacerated by ice splinters through their worn moccasins. Their affection did not go to the last man who fed them. It was for the three men who had been over the long trail with them.

Jack had returned them to their owner, but twice they swam the icy Klondike River to our cabin. What a greeting of elephantine leaps and tailwaggings they gave us! I weighed my cash against the thousand dollars their owner considered them worth as sled dogs. What could I do with them if I took them home? I had to say a heartbroken farewell to Patsy and Tim.

Then, I cannot resist telling about the incident of that grand, epochal bath, and its sequel. I had been for forty days without removing my undershirt. Later I was to have a realization back in civilization as to how I must have smelled, and how some of our pioneers of past epochs must have smelled.



Gold pilgrims in line to get miners' licenses

"There's something rotten arrived by express," said the janitor of my apartment house, "and worse than rotten, I should say." It was my Klondike blanket and some other portions of my outfit which had not lost the ripe camp odor.

When I stripped for that bath, which I had looked forward to for weeks, there was not a fleck on my flesh—and not a single cootie. My abdominal walls were hard as steel. I had not an extra ounce of flesh after the superb exercise of handling a geepole over the hummocks—even if the last few days had been mostly on a rice diet. I had fooled the two Seattle doctors who had sentenced me to death. Nature had built up the walls of the artery and my heart has never been better than it is today, after having stood later severe tests.

I heated water hot on the drum stove for a small wooden tub. I scrubbed and scrubbed in prodigal use of the cake of soap I had reserved for the occasion. But the resulting shock was most depressing. My clean undershirt rasped flesh that seemed raw, and I was so sick at the stomach that I could not properly share the joys of egg day.

As soon as the miners on the creeks heard the ice had broken many made for Dawson. The fellows who had golden treasure were thinking of golden yolks. "Six to start with (at a dollar apiece)," said one magnate, "and put six more on the fire to follow—and then I'll tell you whether I'll take the next dozen now or wait till the first settle a little"—this being prompt action after the first consignment of eggs came in by boat.

The egg trader brought word that drink—a big barge of it—was on the way. All Dawson gathered on the bank, tongues hanging out in anticipation. As that barge, laden with cases of scotch and rye, appeared around the bend, a Scotchman in the bow was playing "The Campbells Are Coming" on the bagpipes. Soon he was passing out his supply for an ounce of dust—about seventeen dollars—a bottle. He did not have to dig for his gold. He got it from the miners in exchange for headaches. The next morning Dawson was largely prostrate.

In the wake of the enterprising merchants came the gold-seekers' flotilla. (Continued on page 58)

IT'S YOUR OUTFIT

Why You Should Be Proud to Belong to The American Legion

By Wallgren

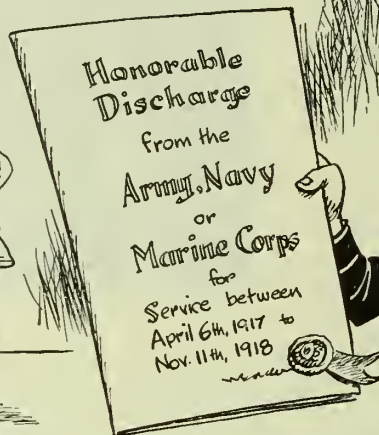
"NO CHILD CAN BE BORN INTO THE AMERICAN LEGION; NO PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OR LAW OF GOVERNMENT CAN COMMAND ADMISSION; WEALTH CANNOT PURCHASE MEMBERSHIP. -"

It's a danged outrage!! We're agin it!!!

Just another "scrap of paper" - but it's the proudest thing I'm of!!!



(POLITICIANS, DRAFT-DODGERS, WIRE-PULLERS, WAR-PROFITEERS, SLACKERS, ETC.)



IN OTHER WORDS - YOU CAN'T CHISEL, OR MUSCLE YOUR WAY, IN

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE ONE OF THESE

- AND ONLY VETS WHO SERVED IN THE ARMED FORCES OF THE U.S.A. DURING THE WORLD WAR ARE ELIGIBLE - HENCE, "LEGIONNAIRE" MEANS VETERAN OF THE WORLD WAR - AND YOUR LEGION BUTTON IDENTIFIES YOU AS SUCH.



We're proud of what you boys have done for the community!!

We're proud to have been of service, sir!



"EX-SERVICE MEN" - OF THE WAR, YES - BUT IN THE LEGION THEY'RE STILL SERVICE MEN.

Oh, it's always fair weather when war-buddies get together



ATTENTION!!



We're getting along very nicely now, dear - thanks to your Legion buddies!!

That word "Buddy" means something to Legionnaires!!



WHAT BETTER WAY COULD YOU HELP YOUR LESS FORTUNATE BUDDY OF THE WAR THAN BY SUPPORTING AN ORGANIZATION PLEDGED WHOLE-HEARTEDLY TO THAT SERVICE? AND WHICH IS DOING MORE TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND RELIEF OF THE WAR VETERAN (AND HIS DEPENDENTS) THAN ANY OTHER AGENCY. AND, ISN'T IT A PROUD THING TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE HELPING TO DO YOUR BIT BY JUST BEING A LEGION MEMBER!?

BROADCASTING - THE VOICE OF THE VETERAN -

SHORE LEAVE

By The Old Timer



CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

EDWARD E. SPAFFORD'S office consists of one cheerful but small room on the thirtieth floor of Number 29 Broadway overlooking North River, as he would say, being a mariner. To us landsmen it is the Hudson, but among seafaring men it has been North River since mighty early days when the marine charts took account of but two rivers on the Atlantic Coast—North River and South River, now generally known as the Delaware. It is a busy reach of water and the scene from Ed's window is a veritable marine pageant at any hour of the day. On the other side are the Hoboken docks which marked the beginning and the end of a great adventure for many a reader of these lines.

Having described Past National Commander Spafford as a mariner with one room for an office, perhaps it would be well before we go any farther, to amplify those statements. Actually the room he calls his own is but one of a veritable warren of offices where the business of a great real estate corporation is transacted, being one of several corporations with which the subject of this memoir is identified. None of them has to do with shipping. The water view is for sentiment, a gesture to the fragile images of the past, the real estate and other corporation connections serving more practical purposes.

On Ed's desk, the last time I saw it, were a good many papers. This talk about a disorderly desk being the reflection of a dis-

Though anchored pretty permanently to the land (through real estate connections, at that) Edward E. Spafford, National Commander in 1928 and a lieutenant commander in the Navy eleven years before that, sees from his office window the daily movements of ships in and out of the port of New York (including Hoboken, which you may have heard of some time ago)

orderly mind is so much apple-sauce, says Mr. Spafford. He likes to keep papers bearing on the things he is working with before him all the time, and not have his secretary running her legs off. When a man is working on a number of things simultaneously this means a lot of papers. Incidentally the late Commander Fritz Galbraith, who first got Spafford interested in the national affairs of the Legion, had the same theory about desks and papers. As one desk would not hold all of his papers, he had two or three desks, and carried a brief case big enough to hold my

clothes and half a dozen fat books at the same time.

The walls of Spafford's office are bare, but out of sight in a filing cabinet he has a collection of photographs that an autograph hound would give his eye teeth for: Pershing, Harbord, Lindbergh, Foch, Joffre, Coolidge and so forth. Also in this cabinet is a black leather portfolio of autographed pictures of Department Commanders, Adjutants and Executive Committeemen of The American Legion who served during Spafford's term as National Commander. It is quite possible that in some place like the British Museum Ed's collection of autographs of international notables can be duplicated, but his Legion collection is the only one of its kind in existence.

The last time I entered this office Mr. Spafford had in his hands a thick sheaf of papers attached by a clip. They contained the names of post officers during his regime as *(Continued on page 50)*

THE FORTY AND
EIGHT RALLIES TO HUNT DOWN

CHILDHOOD'S *DRAGON*



WAY back when gods and goddesses lived in the clouds and on the mountains, in the sea and in every woodland, a first-class hero could always be sure of finding a monster to slay. He could sally forth in quest of a creature with many heads, a mane of hissing serpents, eyes that turned to stone all that they looked upon, nostrils which streamed flames. Or he could select as his quarry a ferocious beast, half man and half bull, confined in a labyrinth, whose diet was the fairest youths and maidens of Athens.

The age of mythology passed, but the spirit that fired Ulysses and Theseus has not been altered by the lapse of several thousand years. There are still dragons to be slain, and the will to slay them still beats in human hearts. Your modern dragon, however, is in genus and species different from the fire-breathing serpents of the ancients. He must be trailed to his lair with the microscope, instead of a magic lyre. He must be slain by science instead of the charmed sword.

We have almost driven to final cover the modern dragon of smallpox, and we have robbed of his terrors the dragon of tuberculosis. One more dragon we are now pursuing—childhood's dragon—the dragon of diphtheria. To put this dragon down and keep him down, the Forty and Eight has launched a country-wide campaign in which will be enlisted its local voituers, public health agencies and committees of physicians.

The battle orders for the Forty and Eight's campaign were outlined by John D. Crowley of Cambridge, Massachusetts, chairman of the Forty and Eight's National Child Welfare Com-

If you've ever been lost forty miles from nowhere, you'll applaud what Comal Post of New Braunfels, Texas, is doing to mark the crossroads in its county

mittee, in an article in *The Forty and Eight* for January. This pointed out that in 1920 more than 15,000 children died of diphtheria and 155,000 were ill from the disease, and that in 1930 the number of deaths had been reduced to 5,000 and the number of cases to 55,000. The Portland national promenade decreed that the society shall strive to cut the annual number of deaths from 5,000 to the vanishing point.

There are sixteen million children under the age of six in the United States and they represent thirteen percent of the entire population. More than half of these children can catch diphtheria unless protected against it.

Medical science has perfected the material for immunization and treatment—antitoxin, toxin-antitoxin and toxoid. In most States, public health agencies have made supplies of these available to physicians without delay. The Forty and Eight in its campaign will endeavor to have voituers and American Legion posts conduct community campaigns in which



children will be given immunization. It will also make sure that supplies of the serum needed for treatment can be obtained by every community quickly.

Nine out of ten deaths from diphtheria are among children under ten years of age, and twice as many die under the age of five as between the ages of five and ten. The full tragedy of these figures is in the fact that diphtheria is preventable, so much so that an outbreak of the disease today is regarded as a community disgrace.

Diphtheria is a germ disease. It is spread largely by discharges from the nose and throat. The disease may be diagnosed by searching for the germ by means of throat cultures. Immediate use of antitoxin by the physician usually will prevent death. Immunity may be had from two or three injections of a very small quantity of toxin-antitoxin given a week apart. Every child over six months old should be immunized.

National Headquarters of the Forty and Eight has requested that a physician be appointed to head the campaign in each State and that each voiture designate a physician to conduct the local effort. Inquiries will be made to determine if diphtheria immunization is provided by State, city, county or other public unit. Clinics for immunization will be organized where they are not available but existing ones will be utilized. Local physicians will be urged to assist.

Some States provide the toxin-antitoxin free, and others provide it at cost. It is supplied free in Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Kansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Vermont and West Virginia. The toxin-antitoxin is supplied at cost by Iowa, New Mexico and Oregon. Toxin-antitoxin is not furnished in twenty-six States, including some of the most populous ones.

Those directing the local campaigns have been advised to contact the state health officers and state and county medical associations. At Voiture Nationale of the Forty and Eight in Indianapolis, the Forty and Eight will maintain a supply of toxin-antitoxin which can be sent to any part of the country in an emergency. It is intended for urgent cases in which supplies are not available locally. Shipments have been made by airplane to several distant States. An epidemic of diphtheria which threatens to get beyond the control of local authorities will find the Forty and Eight ready to extend help.

Arizona's Air Hero

ABOVE the wagon trails of the pioneers, sixty bombing and pursuit planes flew eastward from California in mid-December, roared over mountains and desert and settled to rest in the sky harbor of Phoenix, Arizona. This was the beginning of the greatest air spectacle in the history of the Southwest, a show given under the auspices of the Arizona Department of The American Legion and seen by fifteen thousand persons. Principal event of the show was the presentation by the Legionnaires of Arizona of a bronze and enamel plaque to the Army Air Corps as a memorial to Arizona's famous air hero, Balloon Buster Frank Luke, Jr.

The presentation and air spectacle were held during the annual conference of Post Commanders and Adjutants, and Russell Meadows of Arizona, National Vice Commander, delivered the principal address. Present as guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Luke, Sr., parents of the air hero. The Balloon Busters Drum Corps of Frank Luke, Jr., Post marched in uniforms of red, white and blue, escorting the colors of the Department. Greenway Post was brilliant in gray and white uniforms with silver helmets. Present also, Happy Wintz



Taps sounds after the Arizona Department presents to the Army Air Corps in a ceremony at Phoenix a bronze plaque in memory of Frank Luke, Jr. The parents of the air hero are seated behind the flowers. Photo by Al. J. Rose



A NATION'S CHRISTMAS TREE

At the foot of the 5,000-year-old General Grant Tree in General Grant National Park, California, Fresno Post and Fresno Women's Post on Christmas Day took part in ceremonies which were broadcast over the western half of the nation. The Legionnaires traveled sixty-five miles to reach the Nation's Christmas Tree

of California, with his radio broadcasting truck, to put the ceremonies on the air over a National Broadcasting Company network of fourteen stations in the West and South.

Q. M. C. for Its Town

THE low price of cotton and a serious drought inflicted on Homer, Louisiana, and the region around it privations even worse than those suffered in most other sections during the depression. After Pate-Thomas Post distributed one thousand printed applications to be used by suffering families in need of clothing it was surprised by the number of requests for aid which it received. With energy the post helped as many as possible.

From the surplus stores of the War Department it bought 700 pairs of Munson dress army shoes, 500 woolen union suits, 800 pairs of army socks and 700 khaki shirts. Merchants of the town donated stock that was old, out of style or otherwise unsalable. Householders gave outgrown and discarded garments. These stores were assembled in a business room and were distributed Saturday mornings to those who made the formal applications.

Portland Comes to You

EVERY post can now bring a national convention of The American Legion to its own town. Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant, has called attention to the official sound film of the Portland convention entitled "The New Western Front," which is so good that he hopes every post will arrange to have it shown by the best picture theater in its locality. Nothing could better convey to the service man not yet a Legionnaire and to the citizen who wasn't in the Army a true impression of the Legion in action, Mr. Samuel says.

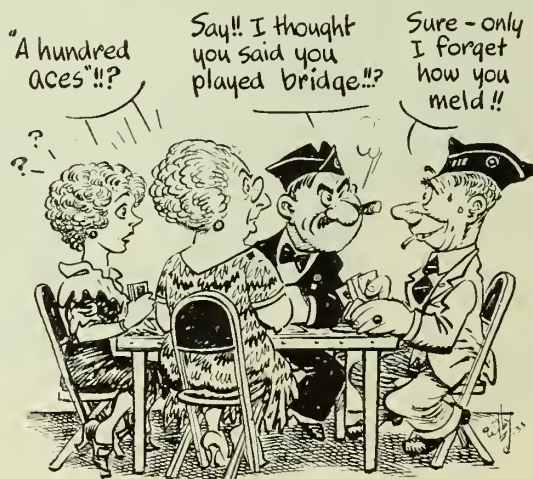
The Portland film is 2765 feet long and is talkie in every foot. It is just the sort of feature that any theater is glad to put on its regular program. It shows the parade that wound for hours through downtown Portland and Multnomah Stadium, the wide streets decorated with all the colors of the rainbow and thronged by a crowd that is equally colorful. There are short shots of National Commanders Henry L. Stevens, Jr., and Louis Johnson, Secretary of War Hurley, Floyd Gibbons and other celebrities.

For good measure, there is the Pendleton Round-up. For the first time, this has been recorded in actual sound. There are also shots of the conventionnaires' motor tours on the Columbia River Highway and the convention climb of Mount Hood.

Distribution of the film is being handled by Principal Distributing Corporation, one of the country's largest distributors of pictures, and any theater manager will know how to get the film if the Legionnaires of his city let him know they are anxious to see it. If you want to know more, write M. H. Holtz, 331 Washington Street, Portland, Oregon. He is the man behind "The New Western Front."

Sing, Brothers, Sing!

THE cognac bass and the vin rouge baritone of the A. E. F. may or may not be musical wheelhorses today in John Doe Post. If they are not, it is somebody's fault. Every post can be a singing post, just as every company in the guerre was a singing company, bulletins the National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City, in offering to help any post plan



a musical program for its community or for itself. If your outfit has any musical problem, pass it along to the Music Service of the New York outfit which is headed by Augustus Delafield Zanzig, formerly with the music department of Harvard University. No charge.

Hog Sergeant

EVERARD LEE Post of Merigold, Mississippi, might simply have passed a resolution of appreciation to honor the services of Leonard M. Hiter. Instead, it conferred upon Mr. Hiter a title. He is Hog Sergeant Hiter.

Two years ago Forrest O. Cooper of Indianola, then Department Commander, addressed the post in Merigold. He suggested that the outfit do all it could to help the 4-H clubs of its locality, clubs of boys and girls who study and practice gardening, stock raising and other branches of farming. The suggestion took hold and the post named Mr. Hiter, a leading farmer, to manage the new activity.

"Mr. Hiter personally donated nine pigs and went about among other Legionnaires obtaining additional pigs," reports Mr. Cooper, who was a National Vice Commander last year. "Mr. Hiter distributed the pigs among boys of the 4-H clubs who kept accurate records of the cost of raising them and the feeding methods. The success of the program won praise for Mr. Hiter in the Legion and outside, and to the post he became most affectionately Hog Sergeant Hiter."

County Roll Call

A 100-PAGE booklet with a heavy cover contains the roster of Robert B. Anderson Post of Wilson, North Carolina, and supports the outfit's pride in the fact that it enrolled before November 30, 1932, more 1933 members than it had during the year of 1932. Where is there another Legion post which can beat this?

"For the new year we already have seventy-six members who were not on the rolls last year and thirty-two of them had belonged in no previous year," reports Samuel F. Dickenson, Post Adjutant. "We expect to keep on until we have every eligible World War veteran in the county. We include in our published roster the names of everybody eligible. This simplifies the task of locating and signing up men for the new year. We find that every man is proud to be listed with those who were his comrades in the service.

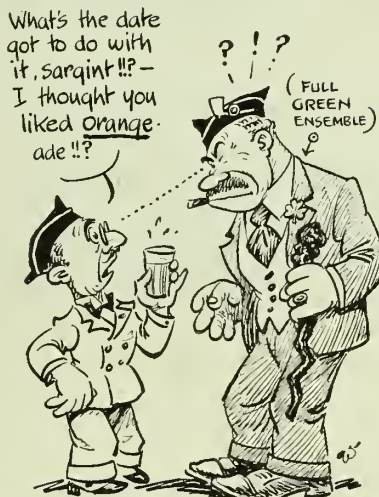
"Our post accomplishments explain why few men voluntarily stay outside the post. We have met fully our own obligations. We recently donated \$1,000 to the Wilson Relief Association. The post looks after its members and other service men and their families in the county who need help. It has financed for two years an orthopedic clinic, to give help to crippled children. It has furnished sleeping quarters to needy strangers passing through the town, working in cooperation with the police and welfare departments."

Chicago Gets Ready

IF YOU are tired of doing cross-word puzzles or fitting together jig-saw pictures, but want to take up some other form of mild mental exercise, get a map of the United States and The World Almanac and figure out for yourself how many Legionnaires will attend the 1933 national convention of The American Legion in Chicago between October 2d and 5th. Everybody is already assuming that this convention will be the largest since the Legion was begun, and you can determine for yourself why it is going to be just that.

As the second largest Department in the Legion in 1932, Illinois, with its 72,000 members, counts on having as assistant hosts next October its immediate neighbors, Wisconsin, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri and Iowa, and these other States which escape being neighbors by only a few miles of boundary—Michigan, Minnesota and Tennessee. Add to these the other populous Legion States in easy driving distance from Chicago—such States as Ohio, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, West Virginia—and you'll have the Middle West and (Continued on page 62)

National Commander Louis Johnson and officials of the Legion's Chicago national convention and the Illinois Department open the convention G. H. Q. at Hotel Morrison



A TICKET to BLIGHTY

It Meant Home, Boys, Home to the Tommies, But
Just a Cross-Channel Journey to Wounded Yanks

NEW slang words and phrases are a natural product of service and many tersely descriptive expressions were born in the home camps and the A. E. F. Our friends, the Tommies, had their own particular collection and rated at the top of the list, probably, was "Blighty"—which meant England or home. Blighty was attained in two ways: Either through furlough or leave, or because of wounds serious enough to warrant evacuation to one of the hospitals in England.

What may not be generally known is that our country also had several hospitals in the British Isles and that quite a number of Americans, particularly from those outfits which served with the British on that part of the line up toward the English Channel, were hospitalized in England. So a ticket to Blighty for Americans cost the high price of serious wounds, as is attested by Legionnaire William E. Robbins of 216 Burwell Road, Rochester, New York, the contributor of the picture on this page, and of this story:

"I enjoy the reminiscent pictures in the Monthly but have not seen many showing hospital life. I am enclosing a photograph of a ward of U. S. Base Hospital No. 37 at Dartford, Kent, England, taken during the fall of 1918 and showing Mrs. Walter Hines Page, wife of our late wartime ambassador, visiting wounded American soldiers. These men were from my division,

the 27th. I cannot recall the names of the other two ladies, who were of British nobility, although I shouldn't have forgotten them as they with Mrs. Page dropped in quite often for visits and we greatly appreciated them.

"The soldier at whose bedside Mrs. Page is sitting is my own humble self. Don't laugh at the flowers in my left hand, because I was just coming out of ether and the boys were having a little fun.

"I especially remember the kindness shown me by Lieutenant Colonel Fiske, in command of the hospital unit, also Lieutenant Wren and the nurses under the direction of Nurse Hubbel."

THERE is an unhappy sequel to the first correspondence we had with Robbins several months ago. We wrote to him for more facts regarding his experience in this hospital and learned that he had been a patient there from August to December, 1918, having suffered gunshot wounds in the right arm while a sergeant in Company C, 105th Infantry, serving on the Belgian front near Ypres—the 27th Division being attached to the British. There was a seven weeks' lapse before his next letter came and he apologized, stating: "I have just been discharged from the hospital at the Veterans Administration Home at Bath, New York, where I had my right arm amputated as the result of the wounds I

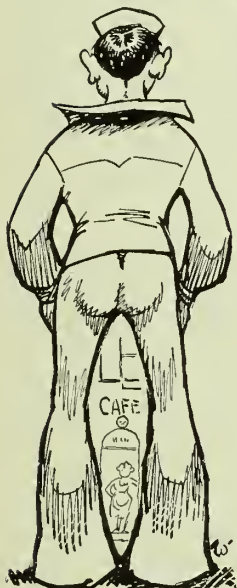


NOTED VISITORS

Mrs. Walter Hines Page and friends visit W. E. Robbins and buddies of the 27th Division in U. S. Base Hospital No. 37 at Dartford, Kent, England, during the war

IN THE ZONE

A company street of the C. A. C. at Fort Sherman, Canal Zone, during the war, includes the headquarters, officers' quarters (to the right), and, in the background, the camp guard house, on which flies the Flag



received up in Belgium, during the war.

"I wish to state, before going any further, that the treatment I received at that hospital was of the best. Every comfort and courtesy were given me, together with the best of care. The hospital administration should be congratulated on its efficient staff of surgeons, nurses and orderlies. Of course, all the patients may not agree with me, but I am stating what I found.

"With further reference to the picture I sent you, U. S. Base Hospital No. 37 at Dartford, England, was run by an American unit recruited mostly from the Kings County Hospital of New York City, I think. The buildings were of brick and I believe used originally as a British orphanage.

The patients, as I recall, were mostly of the 27th, 30th and 77th Divisions. We had quite a few visitors—even the King and Queen of England used to visit us occasionally. I remember that Elsie Janis gave an entertainment once in the recreation room, but being confined to my bed, I couldn't attend.

"When I went to the hospital at Bath, New York, I carried that picture along and after the operation was over, I looked at it, wondering if the fourteen-year fight of my pride to try and save the arm was worth it, after having to lose it after all. It shows, though, that some of the surgeons in the war were not butchers and tried to save what they could if there was a chance. I took the chance and lost, but am thankful for what had been done to save my arm."

NOW and then we are forced to call the hand of a contributor who complains that his particular branch of service has not received recognition in these columns. As a rule such complaint is based either on faulty memory or a not-too-careful perusal of this department. Again we state our platform: Our Army and Navy, as you know, were composed of innumerable units and, even, units within units. Considering the space limitations of this bulletin board of the Company Clerk's, we try to give each outfit a break as often as possible. We find, too, that introduction of a certain unit which has not made its bow before, usually brings a number of contributions about different companies or regiments or batteries of the same branch of service.

When these new contributions are unusual or show new angles of that service, we try to schedule them as soon as possible. It takes some time to make the circuit.

Now that that is off our chest, we hasten to explain the lecture. Legionnaire H. S. Hollingsworth of 958 East Main Street, Clarion, Pennsylvania, gets credit for starting us off, with the following letter:

"As a member of our local post, I always look ahead to the coming of my Legion magazine and for the recalling of any incidents which took place down in the Canal Zone, the land of mosquitoes, sunshine and roses. But somehow I've failed to find them. [The Canal Zone men had stories in the June, 1929, and July, 1931, issues of the Monthly—C. C.]

"I served in the Regular Army, having enlisted in November, 1915, all of my enlistment being in the C. A. C., Fort Sherman, Canal Zone, until March, 1920, when I was mustered out at Camp Dix, New Jersey. Was with the 119th Company, Ordnance, C. A. C., in 1916, later changed to 3d Company. Was transferred to the 124th Company, C. A. C., later known as the 2d Company, C. A. C., at which time Adelbert Cronkhite, now major general, retired, was our Coast Defense commander at Cristobal, and that grand old man who died two years ago, General Claience Edwards, wartime commander of the 26th Division, was our Department commander.

"I wonder if Private Treiber, a star baseball player of our team and my particular pal, remembers the scrape he and I got into one Saturday down there. My rifle was ready for the weekly inspection and his wasn't, when I found that I was on K. P. that day and suggested he use mine for the formation. Everything went well until Captain McKell inspected quarters and found Treiber's rifle in the rack. We were called onto the carpet and the captain said: 'You know, boys, we haven't any parade ground here in the fort and no place for infantry drill. I think we ought to have one, so I'm going to give you each fifty coconut trees to cut down. I want you to work at that only on Saturdays.'

"You can imagine how Treiber and I enjoyed ourselves until about 4:30 p. m. But with pushing over a few dead ones and cutting a few good ones, I think we cleared about fifteen or twenty of them. Next day, Sunday, we played a double-header—both of us on the baseball team—and as we won both games, the captain canceled the tree-cutting detail.

"Our old top-kick, First Sergeant Ben Stienhagen, whose address is Box 45, Stinesville, Indiana, hasn't been well and unable to work for a long time, and I know he'd enjoy some letters of cheer from some of the men of the 124th Company, known later as the 2d Company, at Fort Sherman.



S. O. S.

At 12:30 a. m., New Year's morning, 1919, the Army transport *Northern Pacific* went aground off Fire Island Bar, Long Island, New York. Soldier passengers, of whom 1,800 were sick and wounded, were taken off under trying conditions

ness, at the end of three days all aboard were safely transferred ashore without serious accident or loss of life.

"Owing to damaged condensers the supply of fresh water was soon exhausted . . . and, in addition, the dynamos were cut off, with the result that there

"I was looking through some old pictures taken down there and am enclosing a few. Maybe you can use one of them."

"I WAS interested in Fred R. Long's letter in the November Monthly, about the *Northern Pacific* going aground off Fire Island in 1919," writes Barrett Stanford of Theodore Phillips Post of Gridley, Kansas. "I was serving on the U. S. S. *Columbia* at the time and we were anchored in New York harbor.

"We were ordered out there early the next morning to stand by and assist in any way we could. While out there, some of the boys took some good pictures of the *Northern Pacific*, one of which I am sending to you. Thought maybe some of the ex-soldier passengers and crew would be interested in seeing it."

We thought so, too, Stanford, and the picture is displayed. Since often men who participated in an accident of this kind seldom learned what it was all about, we lifted this from the "Annual Report of Chief of Transportation Service, War Department, 1919":

"The huge 526-foot Army transport *Northern Pacific* went aground only three hundred yards from shore off Fire Island Bar, Long Island, New York, at 12:30 a. m., January 1, 1919, in a blinding rainstorm. She was manned by the Navy and had aboard at the time a passenger list of 2,487 officers and enlisted men. Immediately the work of salvaging and relieving the vessel was undertaken by the Navy and the Commanding General, Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, New Jersey. The transport *Mallory*, the hospital ship *Solacc*, and the cruisers *Columbia* and *Des Moines*, eight destroyers, three tugs, and a number of submarine chasers went to her relief. She lay port side to the beach, drawing eight feet less water than the normal draft; the sea was rough, the wind south-southwest, 28 miles per hour and increasing.

"There were nearly 1,765 sick and wounded men on board, and 300 of them, seriously wounded, were practically helpless. This was the largest number of sick leaving France on any single ship.

"After striking the bar the *Northern Pacific* pounded heavily for twelve hours, threatening the lives of those on board. At first she had a dangerous list to port, but settled more on an even keel by daylight, so that taking the passengers off was postponed until the seas abated somewhat.

"A breeches buoy was rigged during the morning and the hospital ship, destroyers and submarine chasers arrived from New York. The work of transferring the sick and wounded was begun early January 2d by transferring six stretcher cases and about twenty walking cases to small boats, which were able to creep in the lee side of the ship and then shove off with difficulty through the surf to the hospital ship and destroyers. The weather was extremely cold, and each stretcher case was placed upon two blankets in wire stretchers and covered with five more blankets, including Red Cross knitted helmets, and given a stimulant when swung over the side on improvised slings. Frequently the work was stopped as the seas became higher, but by continuous alert-

was little light, and all this added to the difficulty of caring for those on board. Steam was cut off and it was necessary to pile blankets on all the bed cases; but in spite of these difficulties, every meal was served regularly and every case carefully watched. The senior medical officer on board the *Northern Pacific* visited the hospital cases in New York a few days later and found that not one had suffered from the experience undergone. This record is remarkable and deserves commendation.

"Two weeks later a fleet of tugs eased the *Northern Pacific* off the sand shoal and towed her to New York. . . ."

THEN there's the fellow who writes to the Company Clerk in this vein, as did Harry A. Henning, Interpost Relationship Chairman of Submarine Post, who lives at 1974 West 22d Street, Los Angeles, California: "I believe if you request in our Monthly for bla-bla on the U. S. Minstrel Show that was pulled off in Inverness, Scotland, by the gobs, you will receive plenty of information for our Monthly. I have one of the bill posters that went up while we were playing. The show was given for the children of the city. If I can be of use to you, open the hatch and yell."

There's only one way to handle a situation like that: Pass the buck right back—in other words, we opened the hatch and yelled. As a result, we show the bill poster reproduction on the opposite page, and let Henning tell the story:

"Let's hear from the American gobs who were standing on High Street in Inverness, Scotland, opposite the town hall after being told they could not attend a Y. M. C. A. dance for soldiers, up the street. They were standing in front of a shop when they



"Here's hoping you receive many more memories from those who recall the United States Navy Jazz Minstrels, put on by the boys of the *Black Hawk* and the submarine chasers at Base 18, Inverness."

next morning the most wonderful girl in the world, a nurse, and I went into a huddle. From then until I was sent back to the States I had the pleasure of being taken care of (Continued on page 63)

Gobs of the Black Hawk and of the chaser crews at Base 18, staged a minstrel show in Inverness, Scotland, during 1919, for the benefit of a local playground for children

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Country-Wide Comment by Legionnaires on Matters Affecting the Progress and Program of the Organization

WHEN the Armistice was signed ending the World War, The American Legion came into being with its broad policy of service: First, to the disabled veterans and after that to the Community, State, and Nation. It was organized so that those who gave service in the armed forces of the United States in the World War might continue the same unselfish service in peace. . . . Now the Legion is under heavy fire. Its enemies and opponents take advantage of every opportunity to attack it; sometimes very cleverly, but usually without regard for the truth. It is, therefore, necessary that nothing conceivable be left undone to win the public to greater appreciation of the Legion. . . . It is very necessary in view of the protection that we must give to veterans' compensation and hospital care, that every veteran possible be enrolled for 1933. Each new member gives just that much more power to the Legion to fight for those things which it is satisfied are right and it is the job of every Legionnaire to build up membership.—*Kings County (New York) Legionnaire.*

A LOOK INSIDE

A RECENT article we read called to mind the old story of the farmer who had been reared from boyhood on a farm, who had inherited it from his father and continued to live in the old home. As he grew older, he became tired of the sameness of his labors performed in the same surroundings, and he decided to sell his farm and seek a new location. He listed his property with a real estate agent in the hope of securing an early purchaser.

The very next day he read in his local newspaper the glowing advertisement of his farm, prepared by the agent, containing a detailed list of its many excellencies and advantages as an agricultural investment and as a home. He recognized that the description was a true one. . . . Naturally he canceled the offer of sale and continued his life on the old place; but with a new zest born of a new appreciation. . . .

Many Legionnaires are like that about their memberships. Many of them connected with the organization for years have become Legion stale. . . . Suddenly some one calls their attention to what a fine organization the Legion is and they come to realize this is so. Thus do they return to their old love with a renewed zeal toward its advancement.—*The Gas Sector, Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas.*

FIGHTING BACK

RECENTLY the editor in chief of a chain of newspapers replied to a protest made by The American Legion that one of the chain papers was not giving the Legion's side of the controversy over legislation for disabled veterans. The reply said that if the Legion post would create the news occasion, the paper would print it.

He suggested that a Legionnaire of standing arrange to address some luncheon club or other public gathering; that the papers' reporter be invited to attend; that a summary of the address be

furnished the reporter, and if "hot" enough, and concise, it undoubtedly would be published, and possibly on the front page. National headquarters has supplied every post with plenty of "hot" ammunition for such speeches. Why not try it in your town or city?—*Minnesota Legionnaire.*

REDUCTIONS IN DISABILITY ALLOWANCE

ON DECEMBER 1, 1932, instructions were sent out from the office of the Administrator in Washington to all Veterans Administration Offices to conduct a general review of disability allowance claims. This review has started and some claimants have already been cut off or reduced. The basis of this review of disability allowance claims is a change of regulations. The principal change to be noted is in the definition of a permanent disability. . . .

Other changes have been made in regulations with reference to combinations of ratings and the percentage of disability which must be shown in order to draw a certain amount of disability allowance. . . .

Judging from the figures that have been released by the Veterans Administration Office in Texas it appears that approximately thirty percent of those cases will be reduced. —*Wynn S. Goode, Department Service Officer, in Texas Legion News.*

A BULWARK AGAINST THE ENEMY

THERE has been more unhappiness, distress and unrest than has ever been known in the history of our country; there has been more strife, both political and social, and there have been constantly among us, those who would undermine the Constitution of the United States, who would overthrow our churches, who would disown their country and tear down the institutions founded by our forefathers.

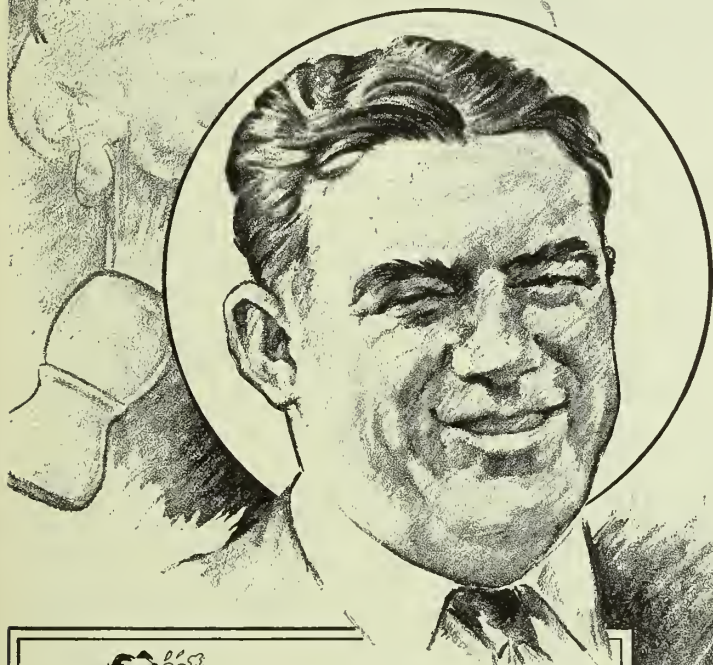
It is against these things that every true Legionnaire should be and is committed to stand through his sworn allegiance to the Constitution of The American Legion. It would be but a patent display of false modesty if we did not state here and now that The American Legion stands as a leading patriotic organization in fighting for our institutions. In our hearts we are confident that the eyes of the nation, if not the world, have looked with favor upon our undertaking in this one great work.—*Illinois Legionnaire.*

IN THE NEXT EMERGENCY

WHEN the next national emergency comes; when American shipping is being sunk and American lives are being lost; when America, in short, is being forced into another war, the recruiting officers will have to forget a lot that is coming out of the Veterans Administration these days.

The latest, carried in a news dispatch from Washington, says Hines told a joint Congressional (Continued on page 42)

WHEN THE "BABE" WAS AS COOL AS AN INGRAM'S SHAVE



PRESS BOX STORY BY

Bill Corum

Sports Columnist N. Y. Journal



In my business a fellow has to keep cool.

The customers may toss away their hats and pound the little woman between the shoulder blades when a challenger has the champion hanging on the ropes, but a sports writer must remember where he hit him—and with what!

So I prepare by using Ingram's Shaving Cream. You can't be hot and bothered—you don't miss the close ones—when your face is cool and comfortable. Coolness, that's the Ingram prescription—a coolness like the Babe's when the going is rough. And there's a story.

Series. Ruth at the plate. Two strikes on him and the Chicago fans and the Chicago bench riding him for all they are worth.

And the Bambino? He tosses a big grin to the Chicago dugout and the cash customers. He holds up two fingers to show he knows all about those two strikes. And then he points to the spot in center field to show where the ball is going—and never coming back!

Up comes the ball. "Hello, you old potato," greets Babe and smacks the longest home run to center field ever seen at Wrigley Field.

It was like a golfer standing on a 360-yard hole and telling 50,000 persons he was going to cup the pellet in one—then doing it.

Coolness—that's what I like about the Babe. And that's what

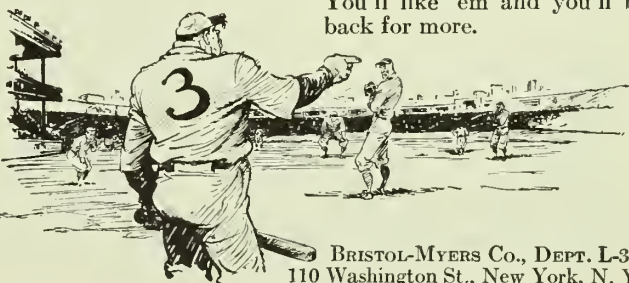
The scene—Wrigley Field, Chicago. The time—the third game of the 1932 World

I like about Ingram's Shaving Cream. I've been using Ingram's for years and my beard's no pushover. With me it's once over and away in time for Boots and Saddles or the first round bell.

I like the tube better because it's handier on long jumps—but tube or jar—Ingram's is one thing I can take on the chin and come up smiling. Believe me—Bill Corum.

* * *

With Ingram's Shaving Cream it's back to the bench with stingless shaves. Every blue and white jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that guarantee a "No nicks, no burns, no terrors" performance. If you want to find out why—send us the coupon and a 3¢ stamp and we'll send you ten cool shaves free. You'll like 'em and you'll be back for more.



INGRAM'S



SHAVING CREAM

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. L-33
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 3-cent stamp.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Random Notes On A Cabinet Job

(Continued from page 11)

and plentiful almost anybody can get hold of enough dollars to pay off his debts. Of course, during inflation, dollars are cheap and of poor quality because they won't buy much in the way of goods, but they are highly desirable from the point of view of a man who has heavy debts to pay. On the other hand, the creditor wants his debts paid in the full-value dollars which he lent, and he resists inflation because he feels it would automatically discount the payments made to him. So, you see, we are between two fires; and if inflation *should* occur, who is wise enough to determine just where and how it can be checked before it goes too far? What happened to German money is still fresh in our minds.

The most encouraging thing right now is that nearly everybody is at the point of willingness to face any existing facts no matter how unpleasant. In such a situation everybody starts searching for a solution instead of hopefully expecting everything somehow to right itself.

Not so many years ago the ordinary business philosophy of an employer was that it was desirable to have workers toil just as many hours for just as low wages as they would willingly endure. I am proud of the fact that the automobile industry in which I chanced to be engaged played an important part in changing the old employer philosophy. Regardless of temporary wage reductions, which reduce people's ability to buy, we may feel certain that when our troubles are finally settled the average worker is going to have more money, and also more leisure, than ever before. With an increase in leisure time, ways must be found to get the best out of it. This will mean an increase in the desire for education and more time for sport and recreation.

No matter how certain we may feel that better days are ahead, with more money and more leisure for the average man, the immediate problem is how to tide over the troublous days we are in right now. The

Department of Commerce has had many plans and suggestions brought to it by the highest type of business men. Nearly every one of these plans would require special legislation by Congress. Whether this could be achieved and just how well any of the plans might work is problematical. However, we have lent an ear to practically every one of them, for who knows when a tangible suggestion will come forth.

Until a wise solution of our difficulties does come, an encouraging fact is the unwavering poise of the American people—and in this respect they have certainly had an outstanding example in President Hoover. I was not in the Cabinet when our affairs were at their worst last spring, but I know at first hand since last July that he never once even momentarily faltered or lost courage. It has been an inspiration to go into Cabinet meetings and see this man come to each member and give him a hearty handshake, as he always does, with the air of one completely unafraid and undismayed. Perhaps the man's stout heart is one reason for his excellent health all through this trying time. I haven't heard of his ever missing a day from his desk by illness.

WHEN I first became Secretary of Commerce I was amazed at the variety of undertakings carried on by the Commerce Department. I wondered why a relatively new department should in a few years have grown to be one of the largest. Then I learned the reason. It was because when Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce he was ready to accept any new and worthwhile job that needed to be done.

I wish every business man in the United States could know what I know today, from having been behind the scenes, about the ability of the Department of Commerce to help him arrive at facts that he needs. I am returning to my own business with the intention of keeping in very close touch

with this department because of the rich mine of information it possesses. Just a little while ago a manufacturer was preparing to enlarge plans for marketing a certain product he had long been making, when he discovered from a visit to the Bureau of Standards that a new material was likely to supersede the very thing he was planning to make on a bigger scale. He promptly readjusted his plans and is still operating profitably despite the depression.

Every business man should familiarize himself with the kind of information the Department of Commerce—in fact, many government departments—can give him. The expert specialists in these departments, many of them learned scientists, comprise an unusual aggregation of brains. They are sometimes unappreciated because they are too interested in their work to seek the greater salaries and the publicity they might obtain outside the government service. I think our citizens would be surprised to find the high calibre and unselfish devotion of most of the federal workers in Washington. There is something we are likely to see more of in the next few years—men of the best talent willing to enter public life and get their reward from the satisfaction of doing an unselfish, good job rather than from merely drawing a big salary.

Roy D. Chapin, a native of Michigan, has been identified with the automotive industry since 1901. He became president of the Hudson Motor Car Company in 1910 at the age of thirty, and served in that capacity until 1923, when he became chairman of the board. Last July he was appointed Secretary of Commerce, succeeding Robert P. Lamont, who contributed to the March, 1930, issue of The American Legion Monthly a discussion of "Our Resources of the Future." Mr. Chapin's article, like Mr. Lamont's, was prepared at the request of the editor.

The Voice of The Legion

(Continued from page 40)

committee he could "see no reasonable justification" for a veteran whose disabilities are not connected with service duty "applying to his government for aid when he is able to provide for himself." What he left unsaid was that thousands, through no fault of their own, are suffering from disabilities due to service but not legally "connected" because of the lack of some affidavit, or omission from his medical record of some doctor's notation. If it is right to give him treatment or aid at all, it is right to do so without making him confess he is a "pauper," the latter condition

in all probability due to his disability.—*Iowa Legionaire.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF MEMBERSHIP

Let's forget 1932 and let's even forget the peak membership of 1931. Let's forget everything but that The American Legion is facing a crisis in its history. Never in our past nor in our future history, in our judgment, will membership be so important as in 1933. If we come back in this time of depression and in the face of the barrage of attacks and show we have "the old fight," our reputation and influence is

safe from this time on. Never again will enemies dare to assail us as they have done for the last two years. Nor will Congress heed the false pleas of selfish-minded groups who beset us.—*American Legion Councillor, Toledo, Ohio.*

MEMBERSHIP THIS YEAR

Membership is the voice of The American Legion and its influence will make the world willing to listen when it speaks.

One million men, banded together in the most unselfish objective the world has ever seen. Work that is to aid those no longer

able to work. Help for those made helpless through their own sacrifice of bodies and minds and souls on the battlefields, while those who would limit our activities today stayed snugly home and counted the dollars profit. Education for the soldier's orphan, aid for the soldier's widow. The drilling of the spirit of Americanism into those who are growing up and will one day carry the burden of upholding American standards and American patriotism. Those are some of the purposes for which we are banded together and the more of us that are pulling in the same direction, the stronger the pull and the greater the influence.—*Alabama Legionnaire*.

PERIL OF THE DISABLED

The Legion, with its powerful membership strength, will continue to fight for the neglected veteran. It is up to us to show a solid front now and to secure that membership strength which the national organization must have if we are to retain for the World War veterans those just benefits which through group effort on the part of The American Legion have been secured for them.

Let the Economy Leaguers look at their own government benefits, and give them up before they take from hundreds of thousands of disabled veterans benefits which they have earned at a greater sacrifice than the "Big Business Boys" who now are hollering so loudly for economy.—*Arkansas Legionnaire*.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Contrary to the impression created by a quotation from an editorial in the *Oregon Legionnaire* published in the Voice of the Legion department of the January issue of the Monthly, civil service employes of the United States Government do not receive pensions from the Government. Instead, as Legionnaires of many sections of the country have pointed out in letters, they are entitled to receive at advanced ages retirement benefits which they themselves have purchased by contributing to the compulsory retirement fund $3\frac{1}{2}$ percent of the compensation they receive throughout their active service.

On August 31, 1932, a total of exactly 28,252 employes were on the retired roll. The retirement fund on June 30, 1932, amounted to \$223,831,465.01. The retirement provisions for civil service employes are explained in a resolution adopted by U. S. S. Jacob Jones Post of Washington, D. C. This points out that employes may not receive any retirement benefits until they reach the age of seventy years, with the exception of a limited class of postal service workers who may retire at sixty-five or sixty-two. It also points out that The American Legion has obtained for veterans preference in appointments to the classified civil service and preference in retention in the service when reductions are made in the number of employes, both of which rights are being jeopardized by the operation of the Economy Act of June 30, 1932.]

MARCH, 1933

*"a Dime?... Surely
you're fooling!"*



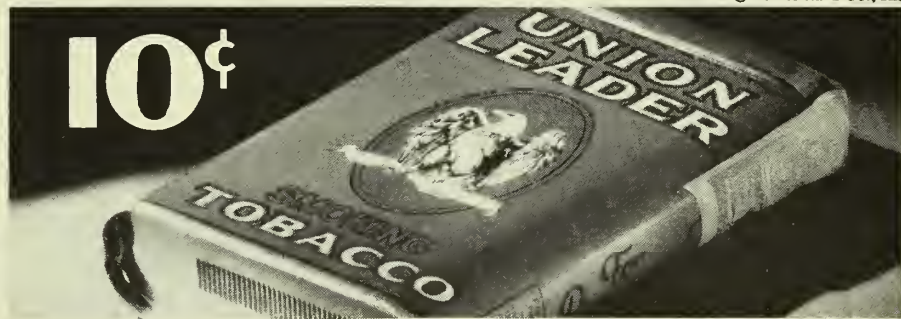
"DO YOU mean to tell me this tobacco costs only 10¢ a tin? Quit your joking!"

A pardonable error . . . made even by the wisest smokers of pipe tobaccos! For it's mighty hard to believe you can buy so

much good tobacco, for a dime.

But it's true! For ten cents UNION LEADER gives you a man's size tin of rich, old Kentucky Burley. Aged, cured and blended to the peak of smoking perfection . . . for pipe or cigarette.

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

A Silent Member Speaks Out

(Continued from page 5)

I found work and regained fair health. I recall one communication from the Veterans Bureau advising me that I would be given three or four days to submit new evidence. I had neither the time nor the inclination. I had an idea I was living on borrowed time anyway, so why waste it and risk further disappointment? That was my slant on the whole layout from 1924 to 1931. I had joined the Legion in 1924 but had never attended a meeting.

Late in 1931 I read, in the Legion Monthly, about a buddy who had been down on his luck out in St. Louis. His claim had also gone haywire. It happened that I had the information he needed. I wrote to headquarters, giving all the information I could about my comrade's disability, and added a postscript that I hoped he would have better luck with his claim than I had had with my 1924 claim. The National Rehabilitation Committee

immediately advised my Department Headquarters to review my claim.

Headquarters here lost no time in getting in touch with me and advised me exactly how to proceed. A Legionnaire in our state capital took my case in hand and made arrangements for physical examinations and X-rays immediately. He then advised exactly what additional evidence I required to prove my service connection. His cheerful letters and his willingness to help gave me an entirely new conception of what the Legion actually means to a veteran who has a claim and does not know how to handle it. Without his help and his advice I would have quit cold again and dropped the entire thing as I had done in 1924. His work alone gave me the will to carry on and get the statements I needed from the few men I could locate who had known me in action. It is almighty discouraging to trace a buddy halfway around

the world and then get a letter from his people telling of his death back in 1927. I finally located enough men to get the statements required.

Yes, there's a happy ending to all this. I received notice the other day that my claim had gone through and that my disability was service connected. After my claim had been dead for about eight years, the Legion had been successful in getting action on it. Looking into the future, it is mighty pleasant to know that if my lights do go out again, there will be no question about how I rate. I received a very welcome check from the Veterans Bureau, I feel very happy over having made my objective, and very grateful to the Legion.

And thus I awoke and decided to carry the fight right into the camp of any and all critics of The American Legion. I wonder how many thousand veterans have had the same experience I have had?

Fish Eye

(Continued from page 9)

to scramble down the Hsipaw's steep declivities, and from its depths attempt the scaling of a mountain wall. These men were going to leap the Hsipaw, and break their way right through the mountain. And yet old Dead Pan made a splendid try at holding us. He got five of the finest steel hands in the world; and with his fifth kill nearly stopped all further construction of the Hsipaw viaduct. Modern intelligence and unlimited funds were blocked by ancient Burman superstition.

"That's a grand lot of dope," said Father Joe to me after I had discharged my entire cargo of erudition and of vain imaginings upon him. "But I don't get much out of it to help me build a bridge. Now here's my slant. Back of every wild and wooly superstition is some matter of fact. Strange, scary maybe, difficult to understand; so men, instead of bearing down on it with the brains God gave them, explained it to themselves in the dumbest, easiest, most entertaining way. They blamed it on the supernatural.

"Look at this gang of bridgemen. Twentieth century rough-necks kidding themselves that the bell in that old tower is the Voice of Siva, warning them not to try to span the Hsipaw—ghost hands of an ancient heathen god brushing them off steel. What I've got to get at, Kid, is the fact behind this cock-eyed conviction. What I got to do to lick old Fish Eye over there is to find what makes him tick—what makes his alarm go off!"

But before Father Joe found out, that terrible bell rang twice more at dawn, and on those two ghastly days two men pitched

off steel and hurtled down to death. That made our list of tragic casualties five.

MR. RAMSGATE SOUTHING was the grandest oldsport in His Majesty's domain. Mr. Ramsgate Southing was the Extra Assistant Deputy Commissioner of the Chungzui District in the Northern Shan States of Upper Burma. He was all of that; and besides, he had a glittering monocle and a heart of oak. And he certainly knew his Burma.

On more than one distressful occasion Mr. Ramsgate Southing had helped us out of a son-of-a-gun of a hole while we were spanning the Hsipaw, and he certainly did pull us off a boggy spot on the morning when the men made up their minds not to go out on steel.

Father Joseph knew they wouldn't go out that morning, for just before the day came blazing up out of the Hills of Shan, the Voice of Siva had sounded.

The great bell hung high up in the shadowy, bat-infested dome of Fish Eye's head. Iron it seemed to be. Not flared-mouthed, like a Christian bell; but long, ten feet or so; a most enormous thing, almost cylindrical in shape. It needed no widened mouth to give room for the clapper to swing, for its clapper hung outside. It looked like a piece of billet steel, five feet long maybe, swung horizontally on two ropes, and with a pulling line of living vine attached, by which a man might draw the hammer back and let it hit, like a battering ram against the side of the bell.

Native legend had it that the vine itself pulled back the hammer, and the closest

watching on our part never discovered anyone near the tower of old Stone Face, either before or after he had spoken.

Native legend also said that every time the monster hammer fell, some one who heard the bell's note died. And this too might very easily be; for it was said that the bell could be heard twenty miles, and in a circle of that radius it was pretty certain that some soul was always being gathered to his fathers in that teeming land.

I never heard a bell like that. I think nobody ever heard a sound so beautiful, and yet so foul with menace.

But the vilest of its music was the part you could not hear; for when its voice had died to waves of sound too long, too short for human ear to register, you could still feel vibrations in the flesh and bones of you that made you glad you could not hear them.

Sure; vain imaginings. But the fact remained that sturdy steel hands, who were afraid of nothing in God's world, were afraid to go out on steel one morning after the Voice of Siva had been heard, for the sixth time, before the dawn.

"Kid," said the boss that morning, after the voice had died away, and he heard me stirring uneasily in my bunk. "Kid, your Father Joseph is up against it hard and tight this bright A. M. The men will not go out on steel today. Now, tell me, what mathematical formula are you going to use to figure me out of this mess, eh?"

"This one," I flashed, in hot unreasoning anger at the heathen devil who was killing off our men. "You let the lot of us go across the gorge and tear that murderous

old flat face limb from gut, and throw him stone by stone down into the Chungzwi, and his damned bell after him!"

"And have the British Empire on my back," returned Father Joe. "We are not to interfere with any native mode of life. We are especially not to interfere in religious matters. It says so on the papers. But I've got a better reason yet. I am still white. You, Kid, have turned as Burmese as the other hired hands. You blame the bell, you blame old Fish Eye, you blame the ancient Khmers, you blame old Mother India. You've gone native too. You are all asking yourselves in horrified whispers, 'What is making the men fall?' I'm asking, 'Who?' And I hope you get the very nice distinction! One thing I have found out. There is tremendous feeling amongst the highland tribes of Shan against the white man and his railroad coming into the mountains. There's the answer, Kid. Who are the Shan tribes paying? What old fakir? I wish that Mr. Ramsgate Southing of Great Britain was amongst our midst!"

Ten minutes before the whistle blew the men were all gathered together out at the viaduct abutment, engaged in looking dumb.

A job of work for Father Joseph Priest. Go out and put that gang to work. Fat chance. That gang was scared. And suddenly I was very much ashamed. A big help I had been to Father Joe. For I, who had spent good years and beaucoup coinage of the realm to learn to think, was stringing along with the rest of the boys, as scared as they.

"Well, Kid," said Father Joseph, "here goes nothing. Right out to the end of steel to thumb his nose at old Fish Eye. Maybe they'll be ashamed not to follow."

I trailed out of the little field office after Father Joseph, hoping that I might have the guts to be ashamed. But I got a break. I didn't have to stand the test. Father Joe got a break. The viaduct got a break. Mr. Ramsgate Southing, Extra Assistant Deputy Commissioner of the Chungzwi District of the Northern Shan States of Upper Burma, with his monocle and his heart of oak, was Johnny-on-the-Spot!

Just as Father Joe stepped out of the office door, a draft of steel comes puffing in from Ironville, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. And off the engine dropped none other than that old sport, Mr. Southing!

Father Joe stepped gladly up to him, stuck out an eager palm, and spoke as follows:

"I ask you, Mr. Southing," inquired Father Joe, "are you welcome to our city, or, on the opposite hand, do you happen to be welcome to our city? . . . Hey, gang! Hop on that draft of steel, all hands. There's a lot of light stuff in this shipment. Slide that off by hand, and pile it pretty. Step on it now!"

For an hour the day was saved. And in an hour, what might not be solved, in the way of Hindu mystery, with Mr. Ramsgate Southing (Continued on page 46)



*"Doc, here is a real cure
FOR DEPRESSED MOTORS"*

"Seems to me automobile motors are pretty much like human beings. You feed them the right diet of gas, oil and lubrication and they live long and serve you well. A systematic check-up from time to time pays big dividends in car health. And as a cure for depressed motors this change of spark plugs is the best thing I know . . . You'll agree with me, Doc, because you change regularly, and know that new spark plugs soon save their cost in gas and oil alone . . . But this time you're getting the last word in spark plugs—Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs. They're patented and there's no others like 'em. They'll give you extra power, speed, and de-



pendability because they've got the widest operating range known today . . . Thanks, Doc, and I'll watch your speedometer for that next 10,000 miles" . . . Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, O; Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

Fish Eye

(Continued from page 45)

up at bat! If ever a pinch-hitter was needed, it was then.

"In answer to your questions, Mr. Priest," said Mr. Southing, without the least change of expression on that grand vacant British mug of his, "I can but hope and trust that I am welcome to your dump—or is it joint in proper American usage? . . . And do not let a single man go out upon that viaduct until I say so!"

They unclasped hands, this pair of kindred spirits, and Mr. Southing beckoned to a pair of native police who had unloaded from the engine after him. He spoke to them in Burmese. They wheeled and started on the run toward the rugged trail which drops down into Hsipaw gorge, and leads across it to the other brink.

"I was on vacation down the river," stated Mr. Southing. "The ladies of Rangoon will hold this interruption of my holiday against you, Mr. Priest. But I hopped up on this trainload of steel the minute I got word from Mandalay about these murders!"

"Murders!" we whispered, Father Joe and I.

"Murders!" repeated Mr. Southing. "I feel sure. We will know presently when my two police bring in the Priest of Siva."

"The what?" demanded Father Joe.

"The Priest of Siva."

"There ain't no Priest of Siva!" Father Joe declared.

"The hell there ain't!" said Mr. Ramsgate Southing, in the American language.

"Think I haven't set watch on old Dead Pan over there?" asked Father Joe.

"And do you think that you could see a native Burman in this jungle if he wished you not to see him?" asked Mr. Southing, relapsing into English. "There has always been a priest of Siva, Mr. Priest. Folk lore has it that he is the same one who was left behind by the Khmers to serve their Lord, when they built him, passing through, two thousand years ago. And I can readily believe it. I know this anchorite. I have seen him often. He is ageless. He might be fifty, or five hundred, or five thousand. The fact that he has hidden from you makes me more suspicious. But my native sleuths will locate the fat rascal, never fear. They always—"

But that word "fat" had kindled flame in Father Joseph's eye, and I myself had felt a creeping up my spine.

Father Joe exploded, "Gunga Din!"

Mr. Ramsgate Southing stared.

"A small, pot-bellied fellow with a shape like Buddha's?" Father Joe shot at him.

"Yes," said Mr. Southing.

"With a face as wrinkleless and yet as full of centuries as Buddha's?"

"Yes," said Mr. Southing.

"Without a tooth?"

Mr. Southing nodded.

"Without a hair?"

Again the answer was only a nod.

"But not," said Father Joe, "not possibly with silver spectacles?"

"Then you have seen the Priest of Siva," Mr. Southing said.

"Seen him!" said Father Joe. "My God, man! He's our water-boy!"

But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water.

Thus Kipling, telling you about his Gunga Din.

Also when it comes to riveting a steel viaduct together under the Sun of Burma.

A wonder at his job, our Gunga Din. Every job has its character. Ours was Gunga Din. Fat as a little shote. Agile as an ape. Old? Young? He was ageless. Ageless as the Hills of Shan. He looked like Buddha. He might be fifty, or five hundred, or five thousand. Hairless, toothless, wrinkleless. Expressionless, save for a shadow of a smile, inscrutable as Buddha's. Clothingless, but for his sam-pot. The bridge gang's silver-spectacled bheesty. The job's highspot of amusement.

"Water boy! Wa-a-a-ter boy! Water me!" Down where a gang was shimmying up foundation plates.

"Water boy! Wa-a-a-ter me! Water me like a mule!" Up on the traveler hundreds of feet above.

"Is that your water-boy, there?" asked Mr. Southing.

WE LOOKED where he was looking. It was Gunga Din. He came along between the two native police, who hustled him up in front of Mr. Southing, and spoke to Mr. Southing in Burmese, and handed him a little chamois bag.

Mr. Southing said, "They came upon him climbing up the trail out of the gorge. He tried to get rid of this little bag."

Mr. Southing shook brown powder into his palm.

"A very peculiar poison," Mr. Southing said. "Large doses kill. Small doses bring on vertigo. The smaller the dose, the longer it takes to act. But it is very powerful. As little as would go beneath a finger nail, which might easily be immersed in the water of a drinking cup, will cause a sudden dizziness, unconsciousness almost, some time within a half day, let us say. Come. I will show you how it works—in the large dosage! Call your men!"

And so we presently were out upon the half-done Hsipaw viaduct, a thousand feet above the foaming Chungzwi River, at the very end of steel; prosecution, judge and jury, and defendant, Father Joseph, Mr. Ramsgate Southing, our whole crew scattered about on that high hazardous court; and our fat little bheesty Gunga Din—him standing there at ease where one step any way but toward us would be a step into eternity.

"Will you get a cup of water from his mußuk?" said Mr. Ramsgate Southing.

One of his two police went out and got it. Part monkey, all these people, I believe. Prehensile footed. He walked the floor beam like an old steel hand.

Mr. Southing dropped the powder from his hand into the cup.

"You may drink, if you so wish, the evidence against you," Mr. Southing said to our Gunga Din.

He stood out at the very end of steel, this fat, bald, toothless, naked, small brown man, with the smile of Buddha on his ageless face. A smile self-satisfied, contemptuous of life and time. He stood athwart the towering steel path of British Railways; athwart the flaming, smoking might of Susquehanna Steel; athwart the Empire of His Majesty, King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions beyond the Sea and Emperor of India; athwart the whole white Western World. A hero figure, somehow, even if a fat small murderer of five. He leaned out over nothing, braced against the wind that blew up through the Hsipaw, and he bowed his round brown stomach to Mr. Ramsgate Southing, and he said in perfect English.

"Trial by ordeal, then?"

"Not compulsory, of course," said Mr. Southing. "Only if you prefer it to the noose!"

"Acquittal by ordeal, too?"

Was there a bit of triumph in that enigmatic smile?

Was there a momentary flash of doubt in Mr. Southing's eye?

But Mr. Southing said, "You doubt that we are sportsmen?" He was speaking for the British people. "If you drink it and can go, you go acquitted. . . . Hand him the cup."

He took it and he drained it, leaning there against the wind.

I do not know how long we stood and watched him. He stood and smiled at us. And back of him, across the vast gash of the Hsipaw, Siva smiled with him.

It was old Fish Eye then! It was old Dead Pan then, himself, who brushed men off of steel into the Hsipaw! It wasn't any little harmless brown powder from the loin cloth of a small brown harmless man. I seemed to catch a whispering back of me. Not of men's voices, but of men's bodies shifting in their clothes, before their feet moved. They were getting ready to step aside, to let the little brown man walk back over steel, a free man, when he so desired.

But they never had to move. For suddenly, while that little brown man stood and smiled—the pitiless stone mouth across the Hsipaw smiling with him—a mountain on the far side of the Hsipaw heaved its shoulder, as if in some vast chuckle of derision at another silly human comedy.

We scarcely felt it on our side of the gorge. The delicate lacework of steel on

which we all stood did not sway enough to make a man lose balance. The movement must have followed some peculiar strata of the region's rock—some old fault along which Mother Earth had settled many a time before, but not quite come to equilibrium. For as we stood, all tense for what might follow that first tremor, the iron hammer hung in Siva's tower must have swung away, and back, to fall with such a blow upon that dreadful bell as never had been dealt to it before. This time a thing more fearful than a seven headed cobra pulled that mighty hammer back.

That whole great cliff face must have moved. Some said they saw it sway. I did not. What I saw—what fascinated me—was a crack running very slowly up the face of Siva. It cleft his chin. It split the coldly leering smile in two. It very deliberately slit up through the flat and cruel nose, and cut apart the stony, icy eyes. The two halves of the heavy tower stood apart, alone, a space. Then, with that hideous bell a-peel, they pitched forward side by side, and hurled, an avalanche of broken masonry, down a thousand feet into the snarling rapids of the rushing Chungzwi.

The bell fell too. It hit a jutting ledge and leaped far into space, roaring anew its obscene music.

I think you might find finger prints in steel where men held on that day. But after a while a soft voice broke the tenseness of the silence.

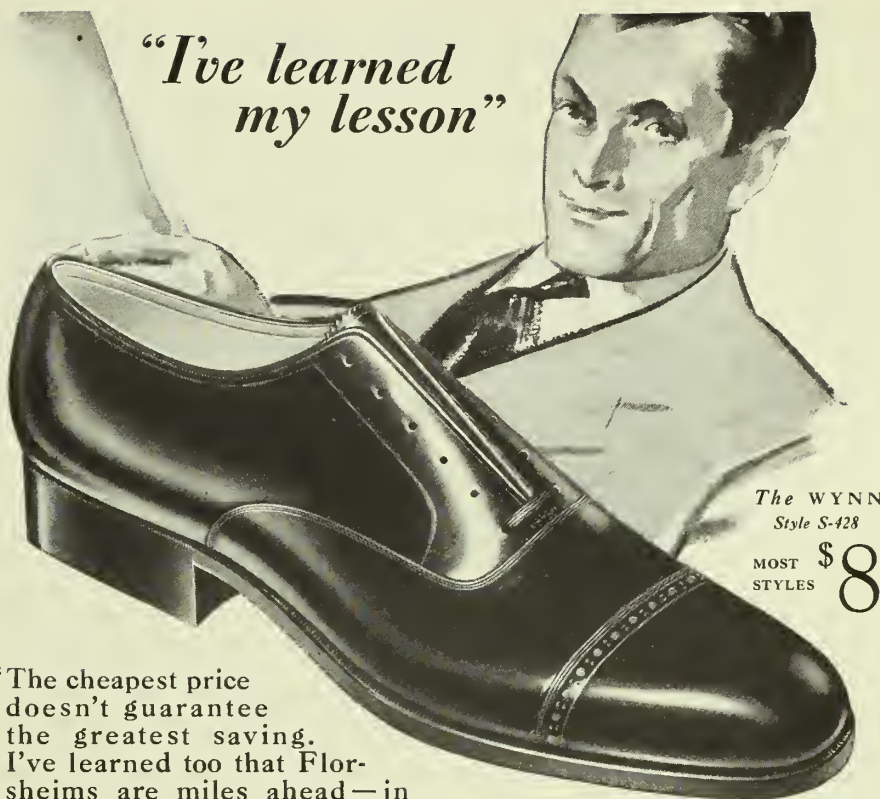
It said, "The British are so stupid, oftentimes. Years of increasing dosages, centuries, if you would but believe me, have made me utterly immune from that which I just drank. But you need not blush for this stupidity, Mr. Southing. For some inscrutable reason my Lord Siva, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to move back before the white men; perhaps another thousand years. But what is a thousand years to Siva? So I move back with him, to await my people's triumph and your people's doom another time. Others have heard the Voice of Siva. Now I hear it."

He turned his back upon us, this fat, brown, naked little man, now grown to hero size, and stepped with dignity out into the Hsipaw.

THE Hsipaw now is conquered. I helped to conquer it—I, cub field engineer for Father Joseph Priest, veteran erector chief for the Susquehanna Steel Company, of Ironville, Pennsylvania. I helped a little bit, away out there in the Northern Shan States of Upper Burma—with a couple cross hairs and a little ten-inch telescope and a plumb-bob. But I never feel so small as when I think of the Hsipaw, and the towering, beautiful lace-work of steel which we threw across it. It's a grand job of work. If white men keep it painted well it may last a thousand years.

But I cannot keep from thinking: What is a thousand years to Siva, the Destroyer?

*"I've learned
my lesson"*



"The cheapest price doesn't guarantee the greatest saving. I've learned too that Florsheims are miles ahead—in style, wear, comfort and real value."

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • Chicago

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

PUT YOUR POST ON THE FIRING LINE

WHAT will your Post do in 1933? Will it only mark time while most other Legion Posts are doing great things for their communities and their country? Or will it get into line with the rest of the Legion by performing conspicuous services in town betterment, in education, in the hundred and one activities of other sorts which Posts are constantly carrying on.

The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion will mail to any Post bulletins or pamphlets describing worthwhile post activities. Look over the following list and put a cross in the square opposite each subject on which you desire information.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The American Legion School Award. | <input type="checkbox"/> Promoting and Operating Tourist Camps. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Educational Entertainment Course. | <input type="checkbox"/> Suggestions for Park Promotion. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Occupational Introduction for Boys. | <input type="checkbox"/> National Americanism Handbook. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Course of Study for the Foreign-born. | <input type="checkbox"/> The American Legion and the Boy Scouts. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Flag-Education Newspaper Campaign. | <input type="checkbox"/> Community Playgrounds and Recreation. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Promoting a Community Memorial Building. | <input type="checkbox"/> Marking Your Town for Aviation. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Erection of War Memorials. | <input type="checkbox"/> Community Safety Activities. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Organizing a Community Service Council. | <input type="checkbox"/> National Defense and Citizenship. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Money-Making Suggestions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Stimulating Interest in Post Meetings. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> On Guard Against Fire. | <input type="checkbox"/> Educational Value of Military Instruction in Colleges. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The American Legion in Time of Disaster. | |

Mail This List, With Your Choices Indicated, to

THE NATIONAL AMERICANISM COMMISSION
THE AMERICAN LEGION, Indianapolis, Indiana

Doctor, We Are At Your Service

(Continued from page 17)

women veterans are warned in time the condition can be attended to. Cancer is one disease that in a vastly overwhelming proportion of cases can definitely be educated out. I should like to refer you back to the splendid article on cancer which appeared in *The American Legion Monthly* for April, 1932, under the signature of Dr. Philip B. Matz—and there will be further cancer articles in future issues of your magazine.

About a year ago the Board of Directors of the American Society for the Control of Cancer issued a statement which included this sentence: "In the opinion of the Board the only effective treatments for cancer today are surgery or irradiation with X-rays or radium."

At the Veterans Hospital at Hines, Illinois (and I hope you will take the opportunity to visit it while you are attending the Chicago National Convention next October) is a superbly-equipped cancer clinic in which The American Legion both nationally and locally has always maintained an active and sympathetic interest. A highly practical expression of this interest was manifested a few years ago when the Illinois Department of the Legion bought and loaned the clinic a small but precious quantity of radium to add to the supply already provided by the Government. You all know that radium is a costly therapeutic agent. The gaseous emanations from this radium, known as radons, are captured and preserved in platinum needles and shipped by airplane to other hospitals—Sawtelle, California; Alexandria, Louisiana, and Mount Alto, D. C. Those little living spears of curative power have worked and are still working marvels, and the emanations will keep shooting out and being bottled up for a longer time than you or I will have to worry about.

Last spring an eminent American authority on cancer who is a Legionnaire was invited to go to France to address the

French League Against Cancer under the auspices of The American Legion. Paris Post of the Legion did him honor and arranged for him numerous formal, informal and scientific occasions, including appearances and addresses at the American Hospital and at various French hospitals. The Legion also arranged a visit to the President of the French Republic, M. Doumer. The American specialist made the visit, and was cordially greeted by the aged executive who had given four of his five sons to his country during the World War. While talking with M. Doumer somewhat haltingly with the remnants of his doughboy French, the Legionnaire surgeon noted what was unquestionably a small cancerous growth that occupied an inconspicuous position on the face of the President. Naturally he said nothing about it at the moment, for he appreciated fully the fact that the growth could readily be removed. Arrived in London on his way home, he was preparing to communicate with the French medical authorities when the news was flashed across the channel that an assassin's bullet had felled the executive.

The American Legion is paying particular attention to the study of leprosy also. You have already read of the existence of a special Legion committee for the study of this scourge—a committee of four members, two of whom are physicians and one of whom is chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. It is largely due to the activities of this committee, seconded by splendid support throughout the organization, that the Government has recently approved the erection of a \$195,000 clinical and infirmatory building at Carville, Louisiana, for the study and treatment of the disease not alone among service men but among the general population. It was my privilege in December to visit the flourishing Legion post at Carville—a post which has recently been cited by National Headquarters for

securing a one-hundred percent renewal of its membership well before the end of 1932. The patients at Carville write, edit and print their own weekly newspaper, the *Sixty-Six Star*, and the cheerfulness of its columns is an admirable reflection of the spirit that rules the institution. If the spirit of Carville could spread until it permeated the whole of America you would very soon hear not a word more about any depression.

The Legion's fifteen-year fight to secure justice for the disabled American veteran is a familiar story to all of you. I have deliberately refrained from alluding to it this month in order to present a few specific instances of the Legion's intelligent and active interest in medical and surgical advances that work benefits to the whole country, and not merely to the war veteran. The story could be made much longer—long enough, for instance, to include mention of the more than two hundred ambulances which Legion posts in as many communities have bought for those communities. No one can compute the actual statistics of lives saved that have resulted from this unselfish endeavor alone. Incidentally, it is a little detail which our opponents carefully refrain from mentioning.

It is the hope of The American Legion that the organization may continue to play at least a modest co-operative part in the general public health movement—a movement that has gained a tremendous impetus since, and certainly in part because of, the war. The Legion seeks no leadership in this field for itself, though among its 35,000 member-physicians are many great leaders in medicine and in surgery, in disease prevention and in therapeutics. It will be sufficient, the Legion feels, if it throws its enormous influence, its enormous capacities for unselfish service, at the disposal of the existing agencies which are striving so nobly, so effectively and so intelligently to make ours a healthier and a happier people.

The Reserve Carries On

(Continued from page 19)

contribution, for the Regulars and the National Guard constitute the first line of defense. But this initial responsibility of the Reserves is merely an auxiliary to its main job of bringing into the field the twenty-seven new divisions to be raised by the selective draft.

It is needless to recall to readers of *The American Legion Monthly* the many problems that had to be solved on the receipt of drafted men into the cantonments in 1917 and '18 and the infinite perplexities that delayed the work of kneading them into fighting divisions. I ask you to contrast those conditions with the orderly

mode of procedure under the present formula for mobilization, the mainspring of which is the Organized Reserves. A good test of the qualifications of Reserve officers to meet the problems of such a mobilization took place under my observation last summer when the officers of two of the infantry regiments of my division took over the duties of organizing the Citizens Military Training Camp at Camp Dix, New Jersey. The work was precisely the same as that which would confront Reserve officers in wartime. Everything went off smoothly and without a hitch.

The twenty-seven Reserve divisions are

now in existence as skeleton organizations. In most of them the assignment of officers and "key" non-commissioned officers extends down to companies. In all divisions such assignments could speedily be made and the men in question familiarized with their duties before the first drafts were called out. In the meantime our military effort would not be at a standstill: Regular Army and National Guard units would be brought up to strength and sent into the field. Then would come the draft with a Captain Brown in every community in the land at his post of duty to receive the recruits.

Let us assume that the captain's home is in a typical American county seat and that his company area takes in his own and the adjoining county. The chances are that the homes of Brown's lieutenants, fellow-Reservists, would be in different parts of the area. If not, these men would be sent to designated posts which roughly may be assumed to be the points of assembly of the platoons of an infantry company.

The recruits are examined, accepted and sworn in by the draft officials. They are told where and when to report to Captain Brown or to Lieutenant Jones, as the case may be. These officers are provided with a list of the men they are to receive. All being residents of the same community, officers and men probably know each other by name or by sight. A Reserve officer's standing in his home community is an important factor in his usefulness. Before his company is assembled an alert captain will have decided on tryout selections for company clerk, cooks, and a few sergeants and corporals, based on his knowledge of the qualifications of these men in civil life.

Though the draft board will take no man by surprise, most recruits will appreciate a little time in which to settle their personal affairs and sever the home ties. This is provided for. On reporting to Captain Brown or Lieutenant Jones a man may return home to sleep or to attend to personal matters if he wishes. If his home is remote and his personal affairs in order the officer will arrange for his billeting and his meals until the company is ready to leave on the first leg of its long journey to the front. Meantime there are elementary drill and physical exercises to keep the men occupied and to enable officers to spot promising N. C. O. material. Men will be measured for clothing and shoes and requisitions forwarded to regimental headquarters. Within a week the company should be ready to move to the regimental rendezvous.

This may be a nearby Regular Army post, a location vacated by a National Guard unit which has departed for the theatre of operations or a newly-organized tent camp in a pasture. While captains have been getting their companies together the colonel and his staff will have been making ready for their reception and for the organization and equipment of the regiment. Companies arrive according to schedule to avoid congestion. They receive uniforms and arms, are assigned to quarters, and the life of the regiment begins.

The mobilization of a company in a large city calls for variations of this plan in detail only. To the Seventy-seventh Division, which I command, has been assigned the smallest and most populous division area in the United States, embracing only the City of New York, its vicinity and Long Island. Every officer in the division knows now what he would have to do in event a general mobilization were ordered for tomorrow.

Let us transfer Captain Brown from his rural county seat to the Bronx, where his company area would embrace a few city blocks which he could circle on foot before

breakfast. There would be only one point of assembly—located at a hotel, a warehouse or some large and otherwise unoccupied building that could be fitted with cots. Here Captain Brown and his lieutenants would receive the men as they left the hands of the draft board. They would be given to understand that they were in the Army, and discipline would be introduced by degrees. They could sleep and take their meals at home if they chose. Elementary military instruction would be started in a hall or on a vacant lot and in about a week the company would entrain for the regimental rendezvous somewhere in Long Island or New Jersey.

Regiments would probably train as such for a month or so before converging at the cantonment to form the division.

Such, in outline, is the part that would devolve upon the Organized Reserves in event of a call to defend our national rights by force of arms. I do not think it too much to say that the system is the most judicious and effective contribution to our military preparedness that the nation has had in its history. And it has been built up in eleven years with so little attendant publicity that the average citizen is hardly aware of its existence.

The present strength of the Reserve Corps is 114,000 officers and 4,872 non-commissioned officers. In 1922 this personnel, then numbering about 90,000, was composed almost exclusively of men with World War experience, and this experience represented the country's greatest safeguard. But time is getting in its inevitable work. A few years more and World War men will be past the age of effectiveness for company and battalion commands. Today only forty-five percent of our Reservists served in the World War. This year three or four thousand second lieutenants will receive commissions. All will be youngsters from the Citizens Military Training Camps and the schools and colleges having R. O. T. C. units. In a month on the front in France a man learned more about soldiering than he can be taught in a year at home now. Therefore as Father Time strikes the battle-trained man from the rolls and a young fellow takes his place it means that he must work just that much harder to prove his mettle. Our young men are doing this, and the Organized Reserves have never been at a higher state of effectiveness than at this moment.

In concluding an article upon the Reserve I cannot refrain from mentioning the greatly improved relations between the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserve that the National Defense Act has brought about. Regular Army instructors are assigned to all Reserve units for the instruction and training of the units. An officer of the Reserve on active duty holds his rank in the Army of the United States. In many instances Regulars serve under Reserve officers or vice versa, and a greatly improved spirit of cordiality and co-operation between the three component branches of the service has resulted.

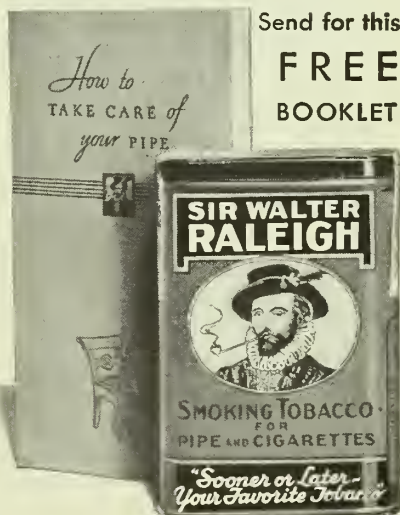
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Shore Leave

(Continued from page 31)

National Commander, and a few hundred miscellaneous Legion members. He keeps the addresses up to date, and so whenever he wants the low-down on Legion sentiment or affairs anywhere he knows how to get it. By this means Spafford keeps well informed. He knew, for example, last summer that the New York Department Convention would vote for the payment of adjusted compensation certificates. Spafford was against it and told the convention so from its platform. The delegates cheered him but voted him down.

He is still opposed to the payment of the adjusted compensation certificates and is using his influence in Congress to defeat it. In this he works alone. Importuned by several organizations which are opposed to the Legion's official program in this particular, Spafford has declined to speak or to work under their auspices.

"I am still a member of the Legion," he says, "and will continue to be one. Any man who gets out of the Legion because he opposes the payment of the adjusted compensation certificates or any other item of

its national policy certainly cannot have the best interests of the Legion or the country at heart. I oppose the present 'bonus' bills because of the embarrassment their enactment would bring to our national finances, and because it would represent a repudiation of the Legion's word. I say that as one of the original exponents of adjusted compensation whose interest in this legislation dates back to the early days when the Legion by no means was unanimous that the veterans should receive a 'bonus' in any form. But regardless of where he stands on this or any other issue I tell every ex-service man to stick to the Legion. I am campaigning for members right now."

Mr. Spafford was interrupted by a telephone call. "That's fine," he said into the transmitter. "That's fine."

The conversation related to a boy for whom Spafford is trying to get an appointment to the United States Naval Academy—and it seems as if his efforts will be successful. The first long trip Ed Spafford ever made from his birthplace in Spring-

field, Vermont, was to Annapolis to become a midshipman in 1897. In 1914, a widower with a daughter eighteen months old, he resigned from the service because he felt that his paramount duty was to little Lucille. He studied law at Columbia University, was admitted to the bar and was about to hang out his sign when we entered the war. Back in the Navy, Lieutenant Commander Spafford participated in the destruction of the Austrian naval base at Durazzo, the only engagement of the war in which American craft fought against a combination of land batteries and enemy ships. In November, 1918, he was the officer appointed to receive the surrender of the Austrian fleet in the Adriatic.

In 1922 Mr. Spafford was married to Lillian Mercier Pierce of Philadelphia. Babs—that is to say, Lucille—has grown up, as children invariably will, and this winter the family is separated for the longest time since the war, the daughter of the household being a freshman at Bryn Mawr.

P. W.

(Continued from page 15)

of corrugated iron, while the rear was not more than four feet under the ground.

I was here as a repairman of the narrow-gauge railroad, but it was a rule that no repairs were to be done while the road was actually under fire, since the French could easily watch us. The first two or three days it was rather quiet and the Hungarians, two doors away from us, who had charge of the horses, reported no damages.

We had electric light and water lines all through the valley in which our dugout was located, and I remember the electrician walking up and down with his ladder to repair the wires whenever they had been shot apart.

One day the electrician came to me and said he had heard that the French had planned an attack for September 12th—within two, three days. One of the Hungarians showed me a map giving the French and German positions and I saw that we were situated exactly at the extreme point of a cone-shaped section of the German front, like a wedge driven into the Allied lines.

We never saw the corporal or, for that matter, any non-com or officer at our dugout, and two of us had to walk back every day to the corporal for instructions, supplies and mail. On September 10th they brought us the order that the next day we had to report for medical inspection at Billy, the place where the funicular and

the pioneer park were located. At Billy, an army doctor with the traditional spectacles and bald head just looked at us and said nothing. It was surprising how quickly the physical condition of men improved at the front whenever reserves were needed. These doctors were popularly called "Gesundbeter," which may be translated by "health apostles."

I found it very strange that we were sent back to our post without receiving any kind of order what to do in case of a French attack or without even being told about it.

When we turned in on the night of the 11th the moon was shining and the stars were out. Nothing yet announced the coming events. Around three o'clock I had to get up on account of the insects and I heard the German artillery firing in back of us, more intensely than at any other time, and I looked instinctively up, believing I might be able to catch a glimpse of the shells passing over my head. There was no answer from the French side yet, but scarcely had I crawled again into my bunk, around five o'clock, when suddenly a fierce fire began from the French side. It was so frequent that between French and German guns it was impossible to distinguish single detonations—it was just one tremendous roar. We were all in the rear of our dugout and the electric lights had gone out long ago.

Gradually daylight came and we saw at

the entrance to our dugout a big hole dug by a shell and several branches shot down from the trees. The gunfire was as heavy as ever, but it seemed to us that the French guns were now nearer and that the German artillery had gone back. My companions were horrified over this. They did not know what to do because no orders had been received, and the average German soldier was lost without orders. The man that was supposed to go with me today to the corporal asked me whether I was ready. I told him that I did not feel like going at all, but he answered that there was no such thing in the army as not going when one was ordered to. "All right," I said, "I go. Are you ready?" "Wait a while until this fire stops a little," he said, and after that he said no more about it.

The French were certainly approaching. We could hear their machine guns distinctly. What to do? My six companions were getting all excited. They made their packs while I was looking on. They would try to get back, but I considered their attempt more dangerous than to stay right here. I thought it over quietly for about ten minutes and then decided to stay. I was merely concerned with my own safety, nothing else. In great confusion they left, one of them grabbing at the last minute one of two large bottles of whiskey bought at the canteen the day before and shoving it into his pocket.

Left alone, I thought that if I was captured I would probably get nothing to eat for some time, so I opened my pack and ate about half of all the provisions I had, leaving the other half in case of emergency. Next door there was soup left by my comrades in a large boiler, so I slipped around and filled my mess-kit. I think the French were grateful when they later found both soup and whiskey awaiting them to celebrate with.

The machine guns were now on the top of the hill, about two hundred yards away. A little later I heard a cry which I will never forget: it was the French "Hurrah—Hurrah!" They still felt that way after four years of war. Then I saw the first Frenchman. He was standing with his gun in front of the dugout, asking me to come out, but the gun was not at all aimed at me. I promptly walked out and he said, "Montez là," pointing up the hill from where the machine guns were firing. I stood there rather undecided and he probably thought that I had not understood him and hit me very lightly with his rifle in the back, as one would do with a child that is not obeying. So I started to crawl up the hill and the bullets passed to my right and left, which did not exactly add to my comfort. Here and there several Hungarians emerged, also crawling up the hill.

On the top we faced about twenty French soldiers with their guns aimed at us. I felt immediately that they only intended to intimidate us, and I was right. We threw ourselves down and all the shots passed over our heads and nobody was hurt. When the French saw that we were not likely to offer any resistance they let us approach and after they found out that I spoke French, I was immediately in very animated conversation with them. They wanted to know a lot of things and I think the prevailing question was how often and how long the German soldier was allowed to go on furlough. Several asked me for souvenirs and then shook my hand as they went on, saying "Portez-vous bien." A French officer or non-com of higher rank came along and seeing that I was the only German among Hungarians, asked me whether I was an officer, at which I had a big laugh. He asked further whether I could give him any information about the sector the French had just taken, but when I told him that I had arrived only six days ago, he said "Ah, je vous demande pardon." His behavior toward me was as if we had met in a drawing room and not on the battlefield in enemy uniforms amidst shells that were still reaching us from the German side and amidst dead and wounded. The spirit and the conduct of the French soldiers seemed to be excellent and I did not hide my admiration for them. Neither here nor at any other place did I witness acts of cruelty or even unkindness toward German prisoners, but many times the French soldiers did all they could in favor of the prisoners. And what I say of the French is also true of the Americans, whose acquaintance I was to make soon.

I was turned over to a sergeant who asked me very frankly whether I had any bad intentions, to which I answered most decidedly that I had not, and he then let me move around very freely. It had started to rain heavily and very soon we were all wet to the skin. The French sergeant relied on me and on a Hungarian sergeant to find the way back to the French lines, but none of us knew exactly in which direction to go, so we wandered around quite some time in the abandoned trenches before we arrived at a place in the rear where we found French cavalry, other prisoners and a number of automobiles.

One Hungarian was dying while others stood around glad that for them the war was over. A French doctor was greatly concerned about the dying Hungarian. Other men had been killed on the way and a number of the captured were wounded, some badly.

One fellow took off his coat and his shirt, which was dripping with blood. He had been shot through the chest and he did not even take the trouble to sit down when he took out a package of gauze and started to bandage himself up, all this while talking to other men.

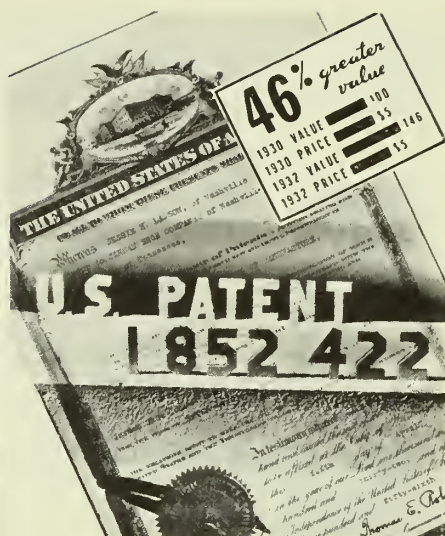
Among other French soldiers to whom I spoke here was a cavalryman, a bank clerk at Bordeaux before the war. He was explaining to me the positions of the two armies. "Here were our troops and there were the Boches," he began, but then caught himself immediately and apologized emphatically for having used this word and added that it was just a soldiers' expression that had slipped out thoughtlessly. He shook hands with me about half a dozen times before he left. I am sorry I did not get his address or I might have visited him if he was still alive in 1924, when I happened to be in Bordeaux.

The French "lunch wagon" arrived steaming and all the Frenchmen flocked eagerly to it. They had their mess-kits attached to their belts, but no other eating utensils, and they dined in a rather informal way. The mess-kit was soon filled with vegetable soup, the invariable food of the soldier, and they drank what was drinkable and then fished out the remainder with their fingers.

At a signal all of us, including the wounded, had to fall into a long line to be escorted back. We tried to carry those that could not walk, but since we had no stretchers or anything of the kind they suffered extremely and I did not think it very humane at all to force the wounded to move on with us. But this was not going to last long. Almost immediately a number of ambulances appeared and took care of them.

The roads, as much as there was left of them, were in terrible condition, and walking was most difficult for those of us that had to carry machine guns back for the French. But the French escorts were very lenient and they would stay behind and wait for a fellow that was exhausted.

By nighttime (Continued on page 52)



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Friendly to the Feet

we came to a village in which there were still a few civilians left and, of course, plenty of soldiers. For the night we stayed on a wet, muddy meadow, with French guards around us. Two Hungarians came to me, with their heads all wrapped up and, knowing that I spoke French, they lamented "marodi." The French officers were in a grange at one end of this place, with a guard to watch the entrance. To him I went with the two Hungarians and told him that both were wounded. He very kindly left his post to speak to the officers inside, who immediately after called in the Hungarians and probably sent them right away to a hospital.

The next morning we were transferred to a barbed-wire enclosed courtyard in the village and the Hungarians were separated from the Germans. We were all very hungry and the French, most likely the French officers, took advantage of this by sending a man around with a large bag of bread to trade it in for decorations which the Hungarians gave freely.

There was a small stream running about twenty feet behind us and we were all very thirsty but were not allowed to move. The French guard, however, was kind enough, probably against his orders, to walk about twenty times to this stream and fill up, in succession, all our canteens. Later on, while on the march, we were never permitted to drink when we passed a river, which was merely a sanitary measure.

We had to go through a procedure which the French call very innocently "passer la visite," during which all our pockets were emptied of their contents, except German marks, which we could keep. Perhaps the French knew that they were not going to be worth anything. I never knew I had as many pockets as were searched by the French soldier, apparently an expert at this. I was allowed to keep my watch, but when I asked whether I could also keep a notebook with addresses it was refused after referring the matter to the sergeant, who answered that anything that was written had to be taken from us. They carried all this stuff into the house and it appeared later in about a dozen small bags for which I was going to be responsible. These bags were sealed and, as I said, supposed to contain our belongings, but they seemed so soft and light to us that we dropped one of them, purely accidentally of course, so that it opened and we could see that there was nothing but torn-up newspapers and rags in it. Well, I had no grudge against the French for this; I laughed heartily.

I found that I had regained some energy in the morning, when we had to form one long procession of about five thousand prisoners. A French captain on horse-

back was in charge of us all and since I seemed to be the only one speaking French, I had to walk next to him with a bundle of sealed documents under my arm, our own records. He told me that I was now responsible for the entire bunch, an honor which I would have gladly renounced, and also for the dozen bags that several fellows carried, and that he would shoot anyone dropping a bag. He asked me to translate the latter part, which I did rather unwillingly, as one can imagine. To tell the truth, although this captain condemned the Germans very severely for all they had done and assured me that it would never be forgotten, never, I soon found out that he was not a bad fellow at all. After I had to listen to his talk for some time, he all of a sudden asked me whether I was tired. I don't think either that he would have carried out his threat to shoot any man dropping one of those bags. Everybody liked him after a while. He never used the word "Boche" when talking with me. The French guards shared their bread and even their wine freely with the prisoners and the captain did not object.

WHENEVER we passed through a village, or rather through the ruins of one, the remainder of the inhabitants gathered along the roadside and shouted: "Ah, les Boches! À bas le Kaiser! A Paris—oui, vous allez maintenant à Paris!" I always picked out those that shouted loudest and asked them the name of the village, whether they knew where we were going, and so on, and then these people would stand there for a second speechless, baffled, and then answer mostly in a very polite way, sometimes even addressing me as "monsieur."

We stopped occasionally along the road to get a drink at the army water wagons which were stationed there from time to time, and we could rest a few minutes. I was always immediately surrounded by French soldiers, laughing and fooling. They seemed very much concerned with the health of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and made a gesture as if they were tying something around their necks. Maybe they meant that the Kaiser and the Crown Prince gave them a pain in the neck, maybe they meant something else.

That night we arrived at a place the name of which I have forgotten and we were taken to rest in a large barn, a clean and comfortable place, considering the conditions. I was entrusted with the distribution of canned beef and bread, which were both of good quality but not at all sufficient for our appetites. It was the first food we had obtained after having been captured.

Before I went to sleep I talked to a French soldier who had his quarters nearby. He offered me a cigarette, but as I did not smoke I refused. He left after a

very amiable chat, and just when I was about to fall asleep there was someone calling me. The French soldier had come back to bring me a straw mattress. Needless to say, I thanked him very profusely, and I had a good sleep that night which I should need very much for the next day.

We left in the morning, escorted by cavalymen, from which fact we concluded correctly that we would have a long day's march. At one village we stopped and were joined by other prisoners and there was quite some delay. When we received orders to go on, one man yelled "Un denn nichts z'fressen!" which is a rather vulgar lingo and means "And then nothing to eat!" One of the French soldiers understood him perfectly and instead of reporting him to an officer, which he might have done had he been mean, he answered him quietly, "Ihr krieget gleich 'was" "You'll get something to eat right away." He was right. We were fed that morning at wagons that stopped on the road. We did not get much, but here again the food was of good quality, at least as good as the French got themselves.

Never in my life have I been as tired as I was the evening of that day. I do not know how many miles we made. The road was very dusty and we passed many Allied units moving up to the front, including African troops and Chinese. We also met here the first Americans. It was an outfit of light artillery, if I remember correctly, with mules. The American soldiers looked so different from all the others that I had seen. They were well clothed, well equipped, healthy looking, many with golden teeth, well shaved, and I felt sorry for them when I thought that after a while they might be in a similar condition to what we were in, if not crippled or dead. Why drag more men into this misery? I was somewhat amused when the French soldiers, not even the captain, could understand them, but I could, and I acted for them as interpreter.

We passed village after village; there seemed to be no end to it. Some of the Hungarians were extremely tired out, and I did not know how they managed to drag themselves along. The French soldiers could not tell me where we were going since they did not know themselves. We marched until late in the night, and whenever we saw the lights of another village we had hopes that it might be our destination. We passed the town of Ligny and I myself felt that I could hardly go any farther. I was almost unconscious, but we had not arrived yet. Outside the town, however, the line stopped and we just dropped to the ground. Then we had to get up again and walk a few hundred feet and the line would stop again. So it went on for some time and the worst about it was the getting up. But something was going

on in front, and finally our turn came to be let into a barbed-wire gate at which someone was counting in plain American: "Three-fifty-four, three-fifty-five," and so on. We expected barracks or even a shelter of a more primitive kind, but there seemed to be absolutely nothing except a muddy meadow, as far as we could see in the dark.

Suddenly I was called back. The notorious bags had been deposited at the entrance by the men that carried them and the French captain was all excited. "There were twelve bags," he said to me, "and now there are only eleven!" Was he going

to shoot me for the missing bag? I was nevertheless not particularly worried and soon found the twelfth bag, which had been carried inside by mistake. Then the captain and his men disappeared forever. They had been very nice in spite of the fuss over those bags.

I lay down somewhere, sharing a blanket with another fellow who was kind enough to offer it to me, and fell sound asleep immediately.

In concluding the account of his experiences next month, Mr. Volmar will describe his life in an American Prison Camp.

Rehabilitation Notes

THE Joint Committee on Veterans' Affairs is likely to recommend in its report to Congress on March 3, 1933, that all cash payments to veterans in 1933 be cut 10 percent as a temporary measure, the National Legislative Committee warned in its weekly bulletin of January 14th. Such a recommendation would apply to all disabled veterans and their dependents and would reduce veterans' expenditures by \$60,000,000 this year, the Legion's committee stated.

"Great danger for the veterans is contained in such a proposal," the warning continued. "It is advanced on the theory that the reduced cost of living would allow a person to buy more today with ninety percent of his payment than could formerly be bought with 100 percent. It should be apparent that should such a recommendation be made effective for one year, it is likely to become a permanent reduction."

COMPILATION OF LAWS

THE Veterans Administration is requiring that each post wishing to obtain the free copy of the compilation of Federal Laws Relating to Veterans of the Wars of the United States, to which it is entitled under the terms of the Congressional resolution authorizing the publication, must address an application to the Veterans Administration which must be authenticated and forwarded by National Headquarters of The American Legion in Indianapolis, Indiana. Each post is entitled to but a single copy. The plan of applying has been prescribed, so that National Headquarters can certify that the post applying is in good standing and the official—either the Post Commander or Adjutant—signing the application is bona fide. Individuals may buy copies of the book from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. The cost is one dollar and payment must accompany the order.

REVIEW OF DISABILITY ALLOWANCES

EVEN if Congress takes no action to amend veterans' laws at this session, many thousands of disabled service men are expected to be removed from the lists

of government beneficiaries as the result of a review of all cases in which the disability allowance is now being paid. Acting on orders from Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, the fifty-four regional offices of the Veterans Administration began the work of checking over the files of more than 400,000 men who have been receiving payments under the terms of the law passed in 1930. The law provides that a veteran disabled to a degree of twenty-five percent or more from causes not connected with war service may be paid an allowance varying from \$12 a month to \$40 a month.

More than sixty-three percent of those drawing the disability allowance are rated as 25 percent disabled and as such are entitled to the minimum payment of \$12 a month. Should the reviewing Veterans Administration officials determine that a man's disability actually is less than disabling to a degree of one-fourth his payments would be discontinued.

PRESUMPTIVE SERVICE CONNECTION

THE Legion's determination to fight against the abolition of the presumption of service connection in the cases of tuberculosis, mental and nervous ailments and certain other diseases which developed before January 1, 1925, was expressed by Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, when he appeared before Congress's Joint Committee on Veterans' Affairs.

Mr. Miller declared that it would be infamous and cruel to require absolute proof that disabilities are due to injuries or disease acquired in service, particularly at this date so long after the war. Many of those who were granted the presumption would find it impossible, if the presumption were abolished, to establish by legal proof that their diseases were acquired in service, even though the moral conviction that this was the case would be unshakable. In their eagerness to get back to civil life in 1919 many veterans minimized their disabilities, lest they be placed in a hospital before being discharged. Other men were victims of faults in the army's record-keeping system or the loss or destruction of records.

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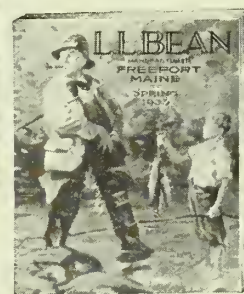
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Once I Was a Soldier

(Continued from page 21)

felt myself in great danger of being half shot. The waiters would carry the wine in and then they would carry me out. It was a drawn battle. At least I looked that way the next morning.

But the Women! They put me on the defensive at once. I ducked and dodged. I fainted and parried. I "parleyed." But they brought into action weapons I never knew existed. They employed methods of approach hitherto unknown to civilized warfare. I resisted valiantly. I insulted them. I repulsed them again and again, but still they pressed on. They knew no fear. They attacked from all angles at once. They staged raiding parties. In fact they staged parties of all kinds.

I was beaten and I knew it. I had but the choice of complete, unconditional and ignoble surrender or an honorable retreat. I chose the latter. I forgot all about saving the country. I wanted to save myself and my pay. It was an orderly but utter retreat.

Total battle score: 1 won; 1 tied; 1 lost.

My forces were totally disorganized. My nerves were shattered. My reason was tottering. The thing was getting me. It was getting me, I tell you! I felt it coming on, fascinated into powerlessness to resist. Like some horrible monster with claws outstretched—coming closer and closer and closer! It was upon me! It had me! I BEGAN TO WRITE POETRY! What price glory now?

THE war was over. I was ready to go home. In fact I had been ready for some time, but there seemed to be a general feeling that I should stay.

But what a sad change! The moment the country was saved the Government forgot *me*. Governments are like that. It took them just six days to send me over. It took them six months to send me back. We stayed and we stayed. Every day we thought we were going home. Instead we were going crazy.

I thought of how anxious I was to get in the Army. And I thought of how anxious I now was to get out. I never was so anxious to get out of anything I had been so anxious to get into before in my life. I had been ready to die for the United States Government. Now I was ready to kill it. The next time they would draft me, and it would be a mighty strong draft. I began to understand the meaning of "horse sense." Every horse in the Army was a draft horse. Not a one had volunteered.

Anybody who has read thus far will realize at once that I was and am an N. P. case. But without notation of that fact on my service record. I am as much entitled to disability compensation as many who are receiving it. But the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee says I can't get it under the present laws and the National Legislative Committee says

it can't get any more new laws passed right now. They tell me it's on account of the bonus. They say we can't have our bonus because the country can't afford to pay it. And they can't do anything more for the disabled on account of the fact that it's going to take so much money to pay the bonus. This is called high finance.

They tell me the Government's spending too much money on the veterans now. The Government's spending too much money, anyhow, so it must be on the veteran because an impecunious cripple is the line of least resistance.

But I never heard a whole veteran kicking about paying his share to help the disabled. It seems to be people who were either too young or too old or too—too something to be veterans who argue that the disabled veteran or the veteran generally should not be a privileged class. It's un-American to create a privileged class—that is in peace time. But it's all right during a war. In fact it's not only all right, but damned handy and popular. But a privileged class whose privileges consist in trying to use an arm that isn't there or trying to walk on a leg that's gone or trying to see through an eye with a plate-glass front—that's un-American and unconstitutional and unpopular.

We've got to economize. We don't need soldiers today because there's no war. Besides, there isn't going to be any more war, and besides that even if there is another war those birds aren't fit to be of any use anyhow.

We can't go backward. We must look ahead. This is an age of progress. It's a plain matter of dollars and cents and it's no time to fool with sentiment. Millions are out of work! People are unable to pay their taxes! Think of it! And this privileged class of veterans bellyaching just because a few thousand of their "comrades" have to go around without a few odd arms, legs and eyes more or less. Suppose they did save the nation? What of it? Look at the thing now. The condition it's in proves it wasn't worth saving anyhow.

I was talking to a Congressman shortly before the election and I asked him what his attitude was on the bonus and he told me—told me promptly and straightforwardly, without any quibbling. That was funny for a Congressman. I thought at first he was not a good Congressman. He said he was absolutely and positively in favor of the ex-service man receiving his bonus immediately. I was glad to hear him say that. But, he said, he was unalterably opposed to the Government's paying it at the present time. I went home and thought that over. I couldn't quite get it.

I have been a member of The American Legion ever since the war. So I went to my Post Service Officer about my case. He said the Veterans Bureau had turned me down because my disability was not due to

service. I asked him what the hell they thought it was due to, the Einstein theory or the depression? He told me not to get fresh with him, he was only telling me what the Veterans Bureau said. I asked him what he and the Legion were going to do about it, and he said "Nothing. I think the Veterans Bureau's right." Can you imagine that?

Now, I want to know what good is The American Legion, anyhow, if it can't help a disabled buddy? I paid my dues for twelve years and paraded on Memorial Day and everything. And now it couldn't do anything for me. It sold me out. I was sore. So I resigned from the Legion. Now, am I right or am I right?

But there are a lot of funny people in the world. The other day I met a fellow and we got talking and I found out he was in the service, that he had belonged to the Legion but that he had just resigned. I said, "Put her there, buddy. I resigned, too. When a guy pays dues to an organization for twelve years and they can't get him the money on his bonus—"

"What are you talking about?" this fellow said. "I resigned because the National Convention went on record in favor of the immediate payment of the bonus."

I said, "WHAT!" Like that.

He said, "Certainly. They're just a bunch of treasury robbers—stultifying

themselves—capitalizing their patriotism—selfishly asking for money at a time like this when——"

I was telling another fellow the story and he said we were both a couple of cockeyed narrow-minded grasshoppers and the Legion was better off without both of us. Talking to me like that—and me paying my dues for twelve—and he wanted to know if we'd both been asleep for the last dozen years while the Legion was helping the disabled vet, the widow and the orphan, doing community service, Americanism work, helping the Boy Scouts and national defense and so on and so on, and whether we didn't know that it was going right on and continue to do all that, and what the hell kind of birds were we when we threw the organization over just because we didn't happen to agree with it on one particular subject.

But you know that's a lot of "baloney." Suppose The American Legion did get a lot of compensation for a lot of other birds? That didn't help me any.

So I'm through with the Legion.

But I get a laugh every time I think of that bozo that resigned from the Legion because they were treasury robbers. Hell! The American Legion couldn't rob anything. They wouldn't. They wouldn't even help me. And me paying dues in that——

It's a funny world, isn't it?

The Economy Melodrama

(Continued from page 23)

the national treasury hundreds of millions of dollars without seeming to produce the results promised.

They did not refer to these facts: that while Federal taxes for 1921 were 55 percent of the country's total tax bill, Federal taxes had dropped to but 33 percent of the total by 1930; that state and local taxes increased from 45 percent in 1921 to 66 percent of the nation's total tax bill by 1930. Nor did they refer to the fact that veterans' expenditures throughout the nineties constituted a greater percentage of the Government's total expenses than they do today. In 1893 they were 41 percent of the total; today they are approximately 20 percent.

No, they attempted to dazzle Congress and the American people by presenting a propaganda melodrama, with the former doughboy bobbing up as the villain in every act, and with poor old Uncle Sam getting the worst of it. It was all very tearful and terrible, remindful of the old sawmill scene.

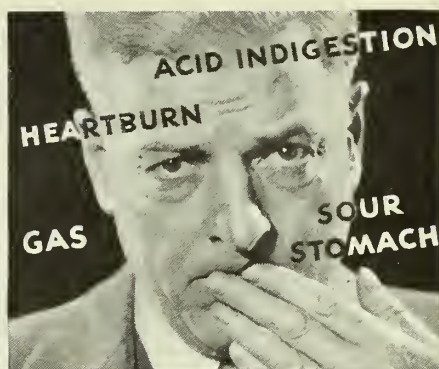
Sometimes, the propaganda was too convincing. As when a noted authority on the modern interpretation of the Bible wrote a piece for a woman's magazine in which he retold a story which had come to him firsthand from a boxing champion. The champ, it seems, had refereed a bout between two professional wrestlers. In advance he was told the bout had been "fixed." One gladi-

ator finally threw the other one, and later when one of them came to shake hands with the referee, the champ noticed that he was wearing the button of a veterans' organization. Then the damning truth came out—the big wrestler had been classified by the Government as totally and permanently disabled and was receiving \$100 a month in compensation.

You can make your own comment on this. All together!

As John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, told Detroit Legionnaires in a speech, if the American people were willing to accept at face value the propaganda of the economy gunners they would believe that not more than a corporal's guard got overseas in the World War and the fifty-seven government hospitals are crowded with men hit by street cars or suffering from social diseases.

UNDER the crystal chandeliers and lofty mirrors of a big room in the Senate Office Building at Washington five United States Senators and five Representatives looked across the top of a green-baize-covered table that extended across one end of the room almost from wall to wall. It was the morning of January 11, 1933—a Wednesday—at ten o'clock. The hour had struck (Continued on page 56)



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The Economy Melodrama

(Continued from page 55)

for The American Legion to fight a Battle of the Marne.

Steadily, day by day, ever since December 9th—with the exception of a week out at Christmas time—an army of statisticians, government officials and lawyer spokesmen for mushroom economy organizations had been advancing to the side of the table opposite the legislators, firing salvos of statistics, laying down barrages of oral arguments and ponderous printed or mimeographed briefs. They were the shock troops of economy.

The spearhead of this army was the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Economy League. These had marched on Congress after preliminary battles over the country's radio stations and in the meeting halls of many cities. The Kaiser's armies in August of 1914 rushed across Belgium with the slogan "Nach Paris!" As the economy army swept into Washington its banners proclaimed its objective: to cut down by \$450,000,000 a year the amount the Government is spending for its service men.

A PRINTED booklet of 280 pages recorded the testimony which the economy army had laid down on its side of the green-topped table before that morning of January 11th. The ten members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Veterans' Affairs had listened to statements by such eminent spokesmen of the National Economy League as William Marshall Bullitt and Major Henry H. Curran, both of whom had come to the firing line flushed with the prestige they had won in other battles in the arena of public opinion. Major Curran testified that he had been retained at a salary of \$15,000 by the National Economy League, which had raised a war chest of \$200,000. He had just finished a more profitable job as directing genius of the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment. For this his salary had been \$25,000.

William Marshall Bullitt of Louisville was born in 1873. He served as Solicitor General of the United States from 1911 to 1913. During the war he was Deputy Commissioner for France of The American Red Cross. In 1921 and 1922 he was special counsel for the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. He is a leading member of the American Mathematical Association and the Amateur Astronomical Association and has written books on such subjects as "The Relation of an Individual Policy Holder to the Assets of a Mutual Life Insurance Company" and "The Supreme Court of the United States and Unconstitutional Legislation." Senator Arthur Robinson of Indiana, a member of the joint committee, inserted in the record the statement that "Mr. Bullitt is chief counsel of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, which

is generally regarded, and justly so, as the most reckless of all the great power-holding companies."

The prepared statement of the National Economy League's arguments and recommendations required thirty printed pages in the record. To accomplish the reduction of \$450,000,000 in expenditures for veterans it made these demands, among others, and made them in these words:

"The disability allowance law of July 3, 1930, should be forthwith repealed, and all payments under it immediately discontinued.

"Section 202 (10) of the World War Veterans Act, as amended, allowing free hospitalization to veterans of all wars, without regard to the nature or origin of their disabilities, should be repealed, and all such hospitalization should be discontinued.

"All hospital and domiciliary home construction should be forthwith discontinued, and no further appropriations for hospital or domiciliary home construction or alteration should be made. All superfluous hospitals should be closed and disposed of as rapidly as possible.

"The provisions of section 200 of the World War Veterans Act, as amended, regarding diseases presumed to be service connected, should be forthwith repealed, and all compensation paid thereunder should be discontinued except in cases where the disability was, in truth, incurred as a result of service. The conclusive presumption of soundness on induction into service should be amended in order that the Government may show what was the true condition of the veteran.

"Sections 305 and 309 of the World War Veterans Act, as amended, providing for the reinstatement of lapsed and post mortem life insurance should be forthwith repealed. The Government should withdraw from the insurance business insofar as it legally can.

"The Act of June 7, 1924, section 202 (2), as amended, insofar as it grants pensions to veterans with arrested or cured tuberculosis should be repealed. Veterans in truth disabled from tuberculosis resulting from service should receive disability compensation under other provisions of law.

"Section 202 (7) of the World War Veterans Act, as amended, insofar as it grants substantial compensation to veterans in hospitals for service-connected disabilities should be forthwith repealed, but their dependents should be granted suitable compensation.

"All statutes and parts of statutes which in effect allow the prepayment of the bonus should be repealed.

"The Act of July 11, 1919, granting civil service preferences to veterans should be repealed.

"All statutes and parts of statutes which

direct or allow any expenditure with regard to deceased veterans except in respect of the death of veterans which, in truth, resulted from or was hastened by military service should be repealed.

"There should be a review of the cases of all pensioners now on the roll whose claims are not justified by the Army or Navy records, as being founded on death or disability incurred as a result of military service."

WHEN the hour struck on January 11th for the Legion to expose the true character of this program and to demolish it, John Thomas Taylor, vice chairman of the National Legislative Committee, arose before the joint committee of the Senate and House and made a presentation which will be remembered in Legion history. Replying occasionally to questions by Representative John McDuffie of Alabama, committee chairman, and David I. Walsh, Senator from Massachusetts, vice chairman, and other members, Mr. Taylor revealed the sophistry of each and every proposal to strike dollars from the Federal tax bills of those amply able to meet them and deprive hundreds of thousands of service men and their dependents of the payments which have been conceded as due them by Congress.

Point by point, every major contention of the economy advocates was answered in a thirty-two page statement which Mr. Taylor read to the joint committee—a statement, incidentally, which has now gone forth to Legionnaires in every State for their use in meeting the economy forces on local battlegrounds.

Present in the room were Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's Rehabilitation Committee, who probably knows more about the disputed elements of service connection of disabilities than any other man in the United States as the result of his efforts in assisting tens of thousands of disabled men having claims with the Government. Mr. Miller was to be heard by the committee on a later day.

To be heard later also were Dr. Kennon Dunham of Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the country's foremost specialists in tuberculosis, a member of the Legion's national advisory committee which guides recommendations to Congress. With him, Dr. William F. Lorenz, of Mendota, Wisconsin, head of a large state institution for mental and nervous diseases, a nationally-recognized authority on these diseases. He too is a member of the Legion's national advisory committee. These men, Mr. Taylor declared, would testify as to the nature of the origin and development of the diseases which the economy spokesmen had maintained are mostly of non-service connection.

Early in his address, Mr. Taylor declared the Legion will on its own account

take the initiative to bring to an end payments that are not fair and just.

"The American Legion does not wish to be placed in the position of advocating undeserved Federal money to veterans or anybody else—including governmental subsidies to large industries of various characters," he said. "We do emphatically protest cuts in veterans' Federal benefits, however, unless their virtue is clearly demonstrated, and we submit that advocates of economy in government have so far failed to do this.

"We have felt it our duty to consider this subject ourselves, and to that end have appointed a National Veterans' Committee to determine whether World War veterans' laws are in fact working out as planned and whether undeserved Federal money is being received by veterans of the World War. This Legion committee has been functioning since last November. It is following closely the deliberations before this Congressional committee. It will make recommendations to the meeting of our National Executive Committee in May, and if it finds that undeserved Federal funds are being paid World War veterans it will recommend amendments to the law which will cause the elimination of such payments."

This procedure, Mr. Taylor pointed out, is in keeping with the Legion's well-understood policy of extending to Congress the benefit of its own intimate contact with the problem of the disabled service man and of asking new laws only when medical authorities advise that they are needed.

"I believe you gentlemen will agree that in bringing you our recommendations the Legion has always endeavored to keep in mind the interest of the nation as well as that of the veterans," Mr. Taylor said. "We realize that the welfare of the veterans and the welfare of the nation are indissolubly bound together. We have brought these problems to the Congress each year. Our expert witnesses have testified altogether for months before your committees. These experts have come from every State in the Union. Their numbers have run into the hundreds. They have endeavored to give to Congress their collective experiences, gathered at first hand contact with the problems confronting thousands of disabled. They have included experts in social work, medical experts in surgery and afflictions such as tuberculosis and mental disabilities. For each conclusion we have presented to Congress over the years, we have brought forward able and informed witnesses prepared to submit the underlying reasons, the necessity and the justice for the conclusions which the veterans have reached in their deliberations. The mass of testimony thus rendered has been commented upon at length by the Government's own experts, and then all of this evidence has been reviewed with great care by your committees, before their own conclusions were finally reached and approved by both houses of Congress."

Congress has saved the lives of countless thousands of veterans by basing its legislation for veterans upon humanitarian fac-

tors rather than monetary ones, Mr. Taylor asserted, citing as the outstanding principle of this legislation the determination that the Government shall give a disabled service man the benefit of the doubt where there is any likelihood that his disability is due to war service.

"The chief method you employed," said Mr. Taylor, "was to extend hospitalization regardless of service connection, and the assumption that where certain devastating diseases attacked veterans prior to January 1, 1925, it would be assumed that these resulted from the veterans' war services."

The veterans' opponents are now seeking to make money the only yardstick of veterans' legislation, Mr. Taylor charged, adding: "They have presented no arguments to show that Federal expenditures under existing law are wrong or improper. They have ignored completely the obvious fact that disabled and helpless men must be cared for. And in pleading with you to curtail Federal expenditures on behalf of these veterans, they have neglected to state that such action would increase city, county and state expenditures.

"They made no effort to sustain their contentions by either medical or scientific evidence. Instead, they brought before you attorneys and statisticians, research experts, men skilled in the use of mathematical tables. Where are their doctors, their medical men, their social experts—witnesses to back up their requests with scientific knowledge?

"In heaven's name, if these men are sincere in their theory, why do they not ask you to cast the aged and infirm Civil War veterans and their widows off the pension rolls? These are costing the Government in pensions during the present year the sum of \$97,221,000. They do not ask that because they know that such a proposal would tear the mask of hypocrisy from their faces, and the nation would rise up as one man and denounce them.

"They know full well that helpless men can do nothing for their own support, whether they have become helpless through accident, disease or age. A man who is incurably insane, or who is on the flat of his back in the last stages of tuberculosis, is assuredly as helpless as a man who is helpless because of age alone."

Mr. Taylor then attacked the theory that the Government cannot successfully tax large incomes—that the wealthy will manage to get their taxes back from the poor, and he denounced the contention that Federal payments to veterans are injuring business and contributing to unemployment.

"The wealthy man never spent the bulk of his income on living expenses," Mr. Taylor reminded the committee. "His surplus income was invested in securities. Remember, the million-dollar income came from the earnings of various businesses in dividends and interest payments. There hasn't been the great let-up in these that people would have you think. A recent compilation by (Continued on page 58)

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The Economy Melodrama

(Continued from page 57)

the Standard Statistics Company shows these surprising figures:

Year	Total Dividend and Interest Payments
1926	\$4,391,000,000
1927	5,571,000,000
1928	6,028,000,000
1929	7,588,000,000
1930	8,578,000,000
1931	8,228,000,000
1932	7,000,000,000

"It will surprise most people to know that the amounts are sixty percent higher for 1932 than for 1926. And, if you want other confirmation that the Federal income tax-paying classes are still in receipt of substantial sums you can find them. From December, 1931, to December 15, 1932, the United States Treasury offered for sale fourteen issues of long term notes. The total subscriptions for these—in one year, mind you—amounted to \$42,505,465,000, while the amount allotted was only \$5,798,931,000. The tremendous contraction in prices of common stocks should not be confused with the sound investment groups, in which billions of dollars of con-

servative capital is still invested profitably."

ON SOME distant day when historians are studying the record of the Government's dealings with the service man in 1933 they will bring down from dusty shelves a series of paper-bound volumes in which they will find what John Thomas Taylor, Watson B. Miller and Edward A. Hayes, vice chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, said on other days; the testimony of Dr. Dunham and Dr. Lorenz and the Legion's other experts. They will find also what was said in various hearings by the representatives of the organizations opposed to the Legion.

The future historian will know how Congress answered the pleas that this Government substitute for the measure of liberty and humanitarianism in dealing with the veteran the yardstick of cold-blooded denial and restriction.

Will Congress reaffirm its approval of the fundamental principles of its policies in dealing with veterans up to this time, or will it direct a right-about-face and order the Veterans Administration to drive a hard bargain with every disabled service man? This is the question which is in the balance as you read this.

Klondike Gold

(Continued from page 29)

Soon their boats were four and five deep on the muddy bank in front of Dawson, and stretching up and down the river.

They might see plenty gold in the lush yellow clean-ups in the sluices of the claims on Bonanza (discovery) Creek and little Eldorado Creek which flowed into it. There had been no exaggeration. As high as a million dollars was taken out of a space smaller than a baseball infield on Eldorado.

If they had the price, the pilgrims might have lodging and meals at Miss Mulvaney's at the forks of the two gold streams. Nobody ever got fresh with justly famous, merry, and enterprising Miss Mulvaney. Be orderly and respectable in her hotel or go bedless and hungry. She made a fortune in the Klondike, lost it, and was making another when I met her again keeping a rooming house in Goldfield, Nevada, ten years later.

For many miles around Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks all the creeks had been staked by old Yukoners and other early birds who were on the spot before the main pilgrimage started. With few exceptions, deserted cabins and holes in the ground under lonely windlasses, told the story that no amount of gold worth while had been found. The pilgrims could only continue the hunt in the forbidding distances.

It was a cruel disillusionment for the naive pilgrims who had thought that for-

tune awaited them as the reward for the nerve and endurance which would enable them to reach Dawson, and another example of the old saw, "Gold is where you find it" that the great treasure of the Klondike should be on the bedrock of two creeks. And so the Klondike army drifted home, rich in experience if not in profit.

In my journey out by an early boat down the river I was in the company of veterans of the strike who had made their piles. The comforts of the ocean steamer to which we transferred at St. Michaels were strange to them. Their prodigal use of the fresh chewing tobacco they had laid in at St. Michaels distressed the fastidious skipper of the ship. To meet the emergency he placed still larger boxes of sand about the decks.

"I've made them two feet square, now," he said to a passenger who had a hundred thousand dollars in gold dust in the ship's safe. "Can't you hit even that big target?"

"You insult us," was the reply. "What do you think we've been practicing up for in the Alaskan winters in our cabins? Hit 'em? Do you think we're shooting at the sand in the box? No, at the box rim"—and to prove it the veteran marksman put a shot right between the skipper's legs onto a rim.

The ship's barber was shearing an Alaskan crop of whiskers sufficient to have made many mattresses. Miners in an ex-

perimental mood had the barber's shears gradually shift their facial landscape from dundrearies or walrus moustache and goatee to short moustache, then to burn-sides and then to smooth face. I started with what was then known as a James Russell Lowell spread and closed with a short clipped Van Dyke. This I retained in the Philippines because it saved me from shaving on jungle trails.

And what wouldn't my plethoric fellow-passengers do to Seattle after they had cashed their bags of dust? In Seattle we would learn—it was before the days of wireless—the latest news about the war with Spain, which we knew was in progress. The bulletins announced our naval victory over Cervera's squadron and the army's capture of Santiago.

I had looked forward to my first night in a hotel bed. It was so soft and engulfing that as soon as I dozed off I awoke with a sense that I was drowning. In lieu of pine or hemlock boughs, which made the Alaskan mattress, I lay down upon the floor, and slept soundly. However, as I might not sleep on the floor of the Pullman I became accustomed to a bed again on my journey across the continent.

Having missed the Spanish War, surely my war-correspondence was over. But I was told to get ready for the expected campaign for the capture of Havana. However, Spain yielded Havana in the peace terms without further fighting. I was convinced that I had settled down to a peaceful home career when a cable from Manila startled America with the news of the outbreak of the Philippine Insurrection, which was no news to our soldiers on the spot.

A year after I had landed on the Alaskan coast against the fierce icy winds I was on a steamer which passed behind the wall of Luzon into the oven of Manila Bay. The white seeds on the water gradually grew larger until they became the victorious squadron under Admiral George Dewey.

No May Day comes but that I think of him, and want to cheer. Let us say it again that on May first, 1898, his little squadron passed the guns of Corregidor, swung into action, and demolished the Spanish Squadron without the loss of an American life. Out of the mysterious, glamorous Orient, half way around the earth, flashed the news of our first victory, that brilliant victory, in the Spanish War.

Dewey's name was emblazoned in a comet sweep of fame. No hero could live up to the public idealization of him. The honors for Lindbergh were routine, the reception for Pershing a pale show, compared to that of the Dewey-mad America I saw from his flagship *Olympia* on the public holiday that celebrated his homecoming on a scale in keeping with the blazing "Welcome Dewey" the length of the great span of the Brooklyn Bridge.

But the Dewey I knew was the Dewey with whom I had many chats on the quarterdeck of the *Olympia* in Manila Bay and on his voyage homeward. I was fond of him, without regard to his fame, fond of

him as a man as I was of Jack Beltz. A great seaman, a great fighter, and a great spirit, George Dewey.

"I want you to meet a grand gentleman," he said to me one day, his eyes twinkling as usual—"and grand gentlemen are not too common afloat or ashore." He led the way down the ladders to the hold to meet another Civil War veteran, an old chief bo'sun who was the "Captain of the Hold." Said the Admiral: "He and I were with Farragut together—and that's introduction enough for us both."

Dewey's twinkling eye was a very quick eye. Nothing escaped it. And it was a supremely honest eye. Dewey could not even flirt with prevarication. Ever he was saying, "That German Kaiser will make trouble in the world." The German ambassador hastened to the White House to protest when Dewey was quoted in words to this effect in a broadcast newspaper interview at the time we were at diplomatic odds with Germany over her blockade of Venezuela. President Theodore Roosevelt told the admiral the best way out was for him to deny the interview.

"I can't, not even for you, Mr. President," said the admiral. "I didn't know this fellow I talked to was going to publish it—I didn't even know he wrote for newspapers. But I said it. I can't lie by denying I said it."

"Then, Admiral," said Roosevelt, "I shall have to tell the German ambassador that you have been reprimanded. Come for the reprimand at three tomorrow."

The old admiral put on all his gold lace and his medals, and stood very erect before the President, who patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Naughty, naughty! Consider yourself reprimanded."

As soon as I could get a horse in Manila I was on my way to the front, and there one of the first men I met had won sudden fame by the way he had led his Kansans at Caloocan. A compact, quick, fearless little bundle of energy and fighting spirit, this Frederick Funston. We had something in common in that his love of adventure had taken him years ago down the Yukon on an exploring trip. Then he had fought with Gomez during the Cuban insurrection.

"You missed the outbreak of the fighting," he said, "but there will be enough for us all before we finish this job."

More than two years later he was to give the insurrection its final blow by his capture of Aguinaldo. "Get him, and I'll recommend you for a brigadiership," was General MacArthur's parting word when Funston and his little group set out through the jungle. Not having been even a lieutenant of Regulars at the outset of the Spanish War he was to become the youngest brigadier in our Regular Army, and his death when he was still in the prime of life prevented him from becoming the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F.

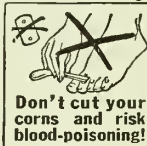
Further instalments of Frederick Palmer's reminiscences will appear from time to time in forthcoming issues of the Monthly.

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You Shouldn't Be Slipping at Forty

(Continued from page 3)

better system of exercise in the world than the old setting-up stuff you had in the Army. If you can't remember the movements, you can buy an old non-com's I. D. R. book for fifteen cents or two bits. Ten minutes workout with that every day, if you make it snappy, and two or three miles of brisk walking, and you'll have all the exercise necessary. Then just a little attention to your diet. That's not much to ask, is it?

About that "diet" for reducing flesh. Sounds technical, maybe. But it's simple. Cut out the liquor in every form—it's too fattening. If you used to eat a big potato with every meal, cut down to half a potato. Lay off of the pork chops. Take one lump of sugar in your coffee instead of two. Eat half as much bread as you used to. Go easy on the milk and cream. Nix on the ice cream sodas. Lay off of pastries and cake and candy.

Finally, one more warning. Don't eat too damn much. Nearly all of you eat about twice as much as your systems really require. Fat men especially. Most people who age early and die before their time literally eat themselves into their graves. In the case of married men, the victims aren't always to blame. They stuff themselves to death to please their wives or to keep the hired girl in a good humor.

Next, what about the lean scarecrow fellows? Can a run-down man take on flesh? You know damn well he can, because you were in the Army and saw dozens of instances of it. And those lads filled out without any help from a diet kitchen—they ate just what the chow line served.

Across the river from my farm are some flossy sanatoriums which specialize in fattening up the lean folks. The system used can't get the showy returns that are possible when all you have to do is to take blubber off of a fat man. But it can, and does, get the results it goes after. Yet it's just as simple in essence. For "atmos-

phere" there are medicos with pinch glasses and pointy beards and fancy solariums and tiled baths. But in the main all that these bozos sell the customers is a lot of rest and a lot of milk. You heard me—that's all!

Your lean man nearly always is jumpy and over-active. So the sanatoriums designed for him make him keep quiet on a porch or a solarium. Then they pour milk down his throat—gallons and gallons of it. The chief problem after that is to keep his bowels from going on a complete strike. The little he gets to eat besides milk is picked from a diet which is just the reverse English on the fat man's list. As a final piece of advice he is told to lay off of such strenuous sports as tennis and take up golf.

Another big classification of the customers of health farms is made up of men suffering from "nerves." That's just a popular name for it, of course. Usually what we draw on that ticket is a bunch of men who aren't living as sane human beings ought to live. My doctor weeds out the genuine nervous cases. The others I line up in a field, as a good top sergeant ought to do, and put the fear of God into them. I clamp right down on them with regular hours, plain food and no coddling. I don't give them a chance to worry about anything but what kind of jumps I'm going to put them over next. When night comes, bed looks so good to them that they hit the hay and pass out like tired doughboys.

Here's a typical case. Spoiled boy who used to be an aviator. He's out in the lounging room of the farm right now, with his back to the hearth, chewing the rag with some other old-timers. He does cartoons on sport, and you'd know him instantly if I said more about him. Nervous wreck when he landed here. Working himself to death, was *his* story. No nervous wreck now—but he's keeping right up with the same amount of work, turning it out up here in spare time.

The first day he was at my place I dragged him out of bed and made him hit the deck at sun-up. I took him on short easy jogs up the road and then lengthened them. I boxed with him in the gym and put him through setting-up exercise. Sent him out in the afternoons to play a round of golf, and dragged him away before he was ready to quit. He kicked like a bay steer about it—but I put him to bed early, too. He had been in the habit of working late on his drawings. Too damn late. So late that he tied up the engraving room of his paper and raised Cain with the whole system. I knew his boss the sporting editor, who helped me put the screws on this customer and squeeze him hard.

We changed this bird's whole habit of life. What he needed most, of course, was a little sleep. And along with that some fresh air and exercise and about a dime's worth of attention to his diet.

His cartoon gets finished every day now early enough to be shipped down to the city before dinner time. He's put on ten or eleven pounds of much-needed weight, looks pink as a well-trained pug, even so. Our old pal Von Hindenburg had the right dope when he said of fighting men that "sleep is the most important thing." I've got this customer back into real fighting trim.

Well, what does it all simmer down to, you bunch of pot-bellied, stoop-shouldered, baggy-eyed flops and nervous wrecks?

You need just what I told you in the first place—a good hard-boiled top-sergeant like me to give you a swift kick in the pants and make you snap into it like the good soldiers you used to be.

You're going to seed physically already. You're suffering for it. And that ain't all. You're going to suffer a lot more for it *after* forty than you're suffering now. Don't say I didn't give you the low-down on it—and straight from the shoulder.

Ever See a Horn-Snake?

(Continued from page 25)

members of the deer tribe shed their antlers every year and grow a new pair in the next. But the finding of shed antlers in the woods is so very rare an occurrence that their scarcity has led to the conviction on the part of many that the animals themselves bury the antlers as they drop.

The porcupine is a familiar animal in the northern forests and has long figured in mankind's outdoor life. Its protective armor of quills is, of course, the creature's outstanding characteristic, and their effectiveness is just about one hundred percent against all comers. The belief has grown

up with time that the porcupine is able to project its quills through space as an archer does arrows. This idea is completely erroneous. The spines are very loosely inserted in the skin, so much is true enough, and only a slight contact is necessary to dislodge them, but a contact is essential.

The beaver is one of the most interesting of American animals. Its intelligence in dam building and the engineering skill it exhibits in felling trees and making its dwelling are well known. Living as they do, in ponds, and spending the greater part of their lives in the water, it is not strange that many people think they eat fish. As a

matter of fact they never touch fish but subsist entirely on bark and tender shoots.

In speaking of water-loving animals, it might be well to say that all mammals can swim if forced to, but those with bushy or well developed tails do not use this member as a sail. Naturally, it may be held well aloft, since its weight would be considerable if it became soaked with water, thus retarding progress considerably, but squirrels and others, when necessity demands swimming, do not go to the length of putting the tail to use as an added means of locomotion.

Neither do flying squirrels fly, in the

strict sense of the word. It would be perfectly permissible, however, to compare them to one of the latest methods of aerial travel and call them gliders, for this is exactly what they do. The thin fold of fur-covered membrane between the fore and hind legs of these pretty little creatures enables them to make considerable "flights" from tree to tree, but it is always a downward progression. Sailing from the top of one tree, they proceed to another at a lower elevation and except for a very slight upturn at the very termination of the glide, all of the course is down.

One of the most persistent fallacies in some parts of the country concerns the birth of that well-known animal, the opossum. Old woodsmen and many others aver that the young are born *in* the pouch, and adhere to that opinion with dogmatic determination. It is quite true that there are some queer facts in connection with young 'possums but this is not one of them. They make their way to the pouch through the mother's fur immediately after birth and affix themselves to her breasts. So firm is this connection that the mouth really fuses to the teat, and it is not strange that the idea of birth in the pouch should have arisen. The young remain in the pouch for a considerable period, being of almost infinitesimal size when born, so small that thirteen of them could find plenty of room in the bowl of a teaspoon!

The color phases which occur in some animals often lead to confusion. For instance, the cinnamon bear is simply a brown phase of the common black bear; the much-prized silver fox, a black animal with a white-tipped tail, is a melanistic phase of the common red fox. Most white animals, except such as the polar bear, mountain goat, arctic fox and others, are albinistic. Albinism is not at all well understood by scientists; they know that it is a lack of pigment but not much more than that. It occurs in birds and animals as well as in mankind.

While the land mammals get the lion's share of misunderstanding, the sea animals come in for plenty also. Perhaps the commonest misconception is that whales are fish. These huge creatures, as well as their numerous small kin, such as porpoises, are not fish but mammals. They possess lungs, not gills; they breathe air, and if forced to remain under water indefinitely they drown. In other words, whales are no more fish than seals are. It is generally supposed that, in spouting, whales eject a column of water into the air, visible at some considerable distance. But it's only air, which on cold days condenses, of course.

Ask almost anyone who is not a nature student to make a list of the birds they know and it will probably include the bat. A bat is no more a bird than a flying squirrel is. They do possess wings, that is they have a membrane which enables them to fly, but beyond this power of flight they do not resemble a bird in the slightest. No bird possesses fur and teeth; bats have both. Bats are insectivorous mammals, subsisting upon such food entirely

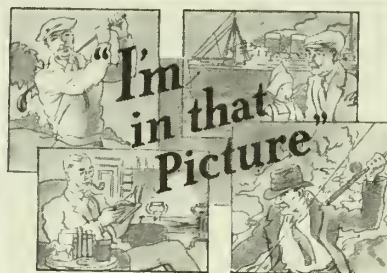
and capturing them in flight. Just at this point it is well to remember that any creature which flies about at dusk and catches such tiny prey as gnats, mosquitoes and the like, can hardly be blind. We find it hard enough sometimes to swat a fly that is buzzing about our heads because of the insect's rapidity of movement, and yet we often hear a person whose sight is defective characterized as being "blind as a bat." If there is any creature on earth which is *not* blind, it is a bat.

It may be that the sluggishness of these creatures in daylight and the fact that they do fly much by night has given rise to such an idea, but, on the other hand, we do not hear of owls being blind. Why, then, the bat? The writer recalls that, some years ago, an experiment was carried out which wonderfully illustrated the eyesight of these little animals. In a large room, scores of threads were criss-crossed from wall to wall, running in all directions and at varying heights. At intervals along the threads, tiny bells were attached which tinkled at the slightest touch on the threads. A bat was released in this room in very dim light and, though the observer sat for a long while in the semi-darkness while the bat flew around and around the walls, not a sound came from a single bell. Not a thread was touched, though it seemed an impossibility that this could be the case. If this does not exhibit a wonderful command of sight and dexterity, nothing does.

Birds, as well as mammals, come in for a goodly share of erroneous opinion. Perhaps the most frequent allusion one hears is that oft-repeated comparison of a person "eating like a bird." A bird's digestion is very rapid; they burn up body-fat at a great rate, and the circulatory system demands constant fuel. In other words, birds eat nearly all day long, every day. Except for brief periods of resting, they are forever on the search for food, particularly the smaller species which subsist on insects and seeds. Some of the larger birds of prey are able to go for some time without food, but the great majority, such as swallows, sparrows, warblers and a host of others must eat and eat and eat. If people ate proportionately as much as birds, the human race would soon be in a horrible predicament. Look at your canary for an hour; count the times it eats seeds. Watch a sandpiper probing on a sea-beach, or a chicken in the back-yard. Picking here and there, they are eternally searching for and finding something to eat. So, instead of conveying the idea that a person who eats sparingly resembles a bird, the very reverse is usually indicated by such a comparison.

Similarly, we hear a person who is seemingly dull and stupid called a "goose." Any hunter who has shot geese to any extent will certainly bear out the assertion that these birds, in their alert wariness, are anything but dull and stupid. The wit and intelligence displayed by these splendid wildfowl might well be emulated by a great many people. It is an unfair comparison.

So is the (Continued on page 62)



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Ever See a Horn-Snake?

(Continued from page 61)

story which concerns another American water-bird, the loon. "Crazy as a loon" is a common saying, but loons are not lacking in ability to take care of themselves and do not conduct their lives along lines which are lacking in sagacity. The wild and far-carrying notes of this species during the breeding season have been likened to demoniacal laughter, and this fact has doubtless played a part in the generally accepted idea of the loon's brain difficulty. It is also possible that the expression is traceable to the word lunatic, which, of course, has very different derivatives.

The commonly accepted idea that owls cannot see by daylight is not altogether without foundation but it is distinctly overrated. Owls as a family are nocturnal in habit, but there are species which hunt well by day and must be considered as diurnal as many other birds. The short-

eared owl is an example of this group of birds.

A good deal has been written about the way some birds carry their young when necessary, and in some cases fancy plays a far greater part than fact. It is all very pretty to picture a female wood duck sailing down from a high cypress tree to a quiet lagoon with her downy youngsters riding on her back, but the principal reason that more people do not see such a sight is that it occurs only in the imagination of the picturer. Ornithologists have seen young wood ducks carried down from their lofty hollows in the bills of the old birds, and have also seen them pushed from the lip of a hollow to flutter and fall to the water below. In such tiny forms the shock of impact is negligible and this method is the one more commonly followed.

Certain of the shore-birds carry their young away from danger at times, notably

the willet and the woodcock, and when such is done the young are carried between the thighs of the adult. Whip-poor-wills and others of the goatsucker family occasionally remove their eggs by carrying these in their huge mouths.

Several species of birds are thought to be forecasters of weather. Other than the annual migratory journeys, occurring in spring and fall, no reliance can be placed in such a belief. An extra early appearance of certain well-known migrants in the north indicates a breaking up of winter at times, but as for cuckoos, owls and others being individual weather prophets, fables are responsible for their reputation as such.

It is true that some activities of birds and animals presage a coming change in the weather; they seem gifted with a sense of intuition in regard to storms and other natural disturbances, but they, too, are frequently taken by surprise by the elements.

Childhood's Dragon

(Continued from page 35)

its fringes. Yes, there will be a crowd!

National Commander Louis Johnson was guest of honor when Illinois Legionnaires opened on December 9th the headquarters for the 1933 convention in the Morrison Hotel. In a few modest rooms, destined to be expanded as the convention draws nearer, the men who will lay the groundwork for the convention began their work. They belong to The Thirty-Three Corporation, the official name of the convention body.

The photograph on page 35, taken when the convention G. H. Q. was opened at the Hotel Morrison, shows: (seated) Joseph DeLaCour, Commander, Cook County Council; James P. Ringley, Department Commander; Joseph P. Novotny, President of the convention corporation; Louis Johnson, National Commander, and Phil W. Collins, Executive Vice President; (standing) Edward McGinnis, Chairman of Registration; Vic MacKenzie, National Liaison Officer; Milton J. Foreman, Past National Commander and Chairman of the Distinguished Guests Committee, and William M. Wilson, Executive Secretary.

Eben Putnam Dies

THE death of Eben Putnam, National Historian of The American Legion, was announced as this issue of the Monthly was going to press. National Historian since 1920, longer in service of the Legion than any other official, he had given fully to it his genius which before the war had won for him fame as a genealogist and his-

torian. He had been unable to attend, for the first year in his Legion service, the national convention held at Portland, Oregon, in September, and that convention adopted unanimously a resolution attesting the thanks and gratitude of all Legionnaires for his work in compiling and collecting at National Headquarters invaluable historical data and records relating to the part of American service men in the World War, guiding and inspiring the Historians of the Departments and personally bringing to reality the dream of a National Archives Building in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Putnam died at his home in Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts, on January 22d. He had never fully recovered from an attack of influenza and pneumonia which he suffered while serving with the A. E. F. His funeral was attended by Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant; John Maloney of Portland, Maine, National Vice Commander; James P. Rose, Commander of the Department of Massachusetts, and other leaders of the Legion.

Mr. Putnam was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1868, and was descended from John Putnam who settled in Salem in 1640. His father, Professor Frederic Ward Putnam, was an eminent anthropologist and served on the faculties of Harvard and the University of California for sixty years.

When the United States entered the World War Mr. Putnam attended the Plattsburg Officers Training Camp and was commissioned a captain in the Quartermaster Corps. After serving in this country, he arrived in France in September, 1918, and was assigned to the command of

warehousing and storage at Nantes. He was discharged with the rank of major.

Mr. Putnam was a charter member of Wellesley Post. He served as Department Historian and as a member of the Department executive committee before his election as National Historian in 1920. Despite extensive business interests and the demands made upon him by his activities in many other civic organizations, he was able to direct personally the collection and arrangement of material for the Legion's national archives at Indianapolis.

Roll Call

WILLIAM H. GARRIGUS, who wrote "A Silent Member Speaks Out," is a member of Russell K. Bourne Post of Wethersfield, Connecticut . . . Louis Johnson, National Commander, whose message in this issue is entitled "Doctor, We Are At Your Service," is a member of Roy E. Parrish Post of Clarksburg, West Virginia . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, author of "The Reserve Carries On," belongs to 102d Engineers Post, composed of veterans of the outfit he commanded in the A. E. F. . . . Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley, whose Portland convention sentiments on national defense are quoted, is a member of Joe Carson Post of Tulsa, Oklahoma . . . Frank Mathews, author of "Once I Was A Soldier," was Commander of the New Jersey Department in 1925-26 . . . Frederick Palmer, who has described his experiences in the Klondike, is on the rolls of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City.

PHILIP VON BLON

(Continued from page 39)

"I wonder if any other fellow enjoyed such a wonderful treat?"

Detailed information regarding the following Chicago convention reunions may be obtained from the men whose names and addresses are listed:

326TH M. G. BN., Co. D—Annual reunion and dinner. Walter M. Wood, Box 1001, Portsmouth, Ohio.

New York City. Lawrence F. Deutzman, *The Messenger*, Smithtown L. I., N. Y.

107TH SUP. Co.—Statement required from Asbury H. VALE, former 1st Lt., Q. M. C., National Guard, in connection with claim (Continued on page 64)

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

A Ticket to Blighty

(Continued from page 63)

arising from death of Anthony ABBONI in torpedoing of transport *Tuscanica*. Also other comrades of deceased veteran.

CAMP HOSP. No. 33, Camp Pontanezen, France, and other units—George I. C. BLAIR, lightweight boxer attached to Camp Athletic Office, Brest, needs affidavits from: KATZANZERO or CATZANZERO, 110th Engrs., whom he boxed at Y Aud., week of Apr. 5, 1919; TYRONE of Kitchen 4, Pontanezen; Lieutenant who was Camp Director of Athletics: Lt. Thomas S. McCONNELL; FORBES, 166th F. A. Brig.; COPEL, lightweight of 32d Div.; Maj. Earl B. BROOKS, E. N. T. clinic, chief of medical service, May 25, 1919; Lt. CRUTCHFIELD, dental surgeon, May 14, 1919, Camp Hosp. 33. Was patient in hospital at St. Aignan, France. Also nurse who attended him in Sept., 1918.

17TH ENGRS. (RY).—Former comrades who recall C. B. BOATENREITER, Co. B, injuring back and having flu while on detached service at Is-sur-Tille during year from Nov., 1917. Treated by doctors of 16th Engrs., 24th Engrs., while working men of 9th Inf. stevedores and German prisoners on engineering equipment. Field Clerk named GADINER at Is-sur-Tille supposed to have kept morning report.

BRANDENBURG, Harry, 37th Med. Replacement Unit, formerly of Merrill, Wisconsin. About 150 lbs., 5 ft. 9 in., blue eyes and light curly hair, right forefinger off at second joint. Disabled. Missing.

309TH INF., M. G. Co., 78th Div.—Statements from Capt. Douglas W. BROWN and other officers and men who recall Albert CHESLEY being gassed while on guard at Thiaucourt, during St. Mihiel Drive, Sept., 1918.

U. S. S. *San Diego*—Oscar D. CANNON desires to locate men who were with party of about 50 transferred from the U. S. S. *San Diego* to the U. S. S. *Old Colony* at Halifax, Nova Scotia, early spring of 1918, suffering with mumps; especially phar. mate who kept his watch on *San Diego* until his return. Medical record lost when *San Diego* sank in July, 1918.

U. S. N. R. Hosp., San Pedro, Calif.—Former patients during June and July, 1918, especially man moved from Tent No. 5, also two hospital apprentices and chief phar. mate, who recall J. W. CROSE being patient suffering with stomach disorder. Claims needle broke while being given spinal puncture, June, 1918. Also Drs. SPOLDING, JAMES, LANGAN and WILLIAM.

BURKE (BJORK), Arthur Harold, 163 Inf. Field and Staff; later Co. M, also Co. A. Assigned to 138th Inf., Aug., 1918, Gerardmer and Grange le Comte sectors and Meuse-Argonne Offensive. Promoted to capt., Inf., Dec. 18, 1918, served with Peace Commission Guard Co. 2, Feb.-Apr., 1919. Discharged at Camp Lewis, Wash., Aug. 5, 1919. Re-enlisted as Pvt., Ft. Snelling, Minn., Jan. 23, 1922; deserted July 13, 1923, while cpl., Co. C, 2d Inf. Missing. Necessary to locate him to settle govt. and private claim.

363d INF., Co. I, 91st Div.—Men who helped Anselmo FEDERICI load rifle grenade, Sept. 27, 1918, in Meuse-Argonne sector, when grenade exploded; also others who recall accident.

BASE HOSP., Fort Riley, Kas.—Capt. Andrew J. CASNER, Nurses Clara J. FRICK, Frances HARRISON, or Bessie M. HARRISON and others who recall Ethel RICHARDS, nurse, as patient in smallpox ward during 1919.

104TH INF., Co. M, 26th Div.—Capt. John H. HOLTZ who ordered Everett E. GUSTIN to hospital account gassed on St. Mihiel front during Oct., 1918. Also others who recall disability.

58TH INF., Co. M, 4th Div.—Information wanted concerning Casper HENZEL, first reported as having died in hospital at Camp Greene, N. C., Feb., 1918, and later reported in A. E. F. War Dept. states he deserted Mar. 4, 1918, while Pvt. in company named.

44TH ART. BTRY. C and Hq. Co., 44th AMMN. TRN., A. E. F.—Capt. LINTON, 1st Lt. W. A. WEST, Sgts. ORBACK, WEIS and DAVIS and men of No. 2 gun at Willers, France, May, 1918, who recall Pvt. Wallace R. HARRIS having left ear-drum burst when gun was fired; also Pvt. TIPTON, fellow patient in hosp. at Camp Miall (?), France, during Feb. or Mar., 1918, with mumps and flu; also Capt. COATS and men of Hq. Co., 44th Ammun. Trn., who recall gassing at Boullenville, France, Sept. 13, 1918.

355TH INF., Hq. Co., 89th Div.—Statement from Lt. Herbert B. SYKES, formerly of Covington, Ky., to assist Pvt. William F. HINTON with claim.

45TH SPRUCE SQDRN., near Hoquiam, Wash.—Joe J. MUDRAK, Olen KINDRED, Clarence BLATT and others who recall Harry HUNT being struck on shin while operating donkey engine during Oct., 1918.

13TH and 16TH F. A., 4th DIV.—Sgt. BELTZ and HART, 13th F. A., and Maj. McGOSLIN, Capt. McCORD, Cpl. STRATTON, Lt. SIDLOW, HILDEBRAND and CIRRY, Vet. Sec., 16th F. A., who recall B. B. JUDKINS being gassed and sent to hospital.

29TH DIV. DRESSING STA.—Statement from medical officer at dressing station near Brabant on Meuse River, Oct. 12, 1918, who recalls Capt. Charles LANSING being brought in unconscious from gassing, being treated; refused to go back in ambulance and rode away on horse after resuscitation.

McCLOSKEY, John J., Co. M, 5th Inf., Pa. Natl. Guard; enlisted Apr. 24, 1914, at Philadelphia; mustered into Fed. service June 22, 1916, mustered out Feb. 28, 1917. About 5 ft. 5 in., 140 lbs., black hair, dark eyes, pitted skin on face. Missing.

48TH INF., Co. K—Comrades who recall William McLASKY being struck by Navy truck and suffering head injury while on guard duty at Hampton Roads, Va., June 15, 1918.

142d INF., Co. I—Men who recall Tony MARIANO suffering fractured wrist while playing football at Ligneurs, France, during 1919.

27TH ENGRS., Co. D—Capt., later Maj. R. E. FRANKLIN, Lt. WYCOFF and other men who recall George F. MILLER becoming blind and fainting while on forced march at Camp Leach, Wash., D. C., during Aug., 1918. Returned to camp in ambulance.

S. A. T. C., U. of Southern Calif.—Medical officers and other men who recall J. N. MORRISON, Pvt., having rock removed from toe of right foot, Nov. 2 or 3, 1918; also fainting in mess line after being inoculated on right arm, Nov. 24, 1918, and receiving treatment for a week. Served as orderly at hospital at 737 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, and also hospital at university.

GREAT LAKES NAV. TRNG. STA., Ill.—Comrades who recall Seaman 2d cl., Johd J. RILEY can assist him with claim.

RECRUIT RECVG. STA., Camp McClellan, Aug. 5, 1918, Co. B, 437TH RESERVE LABOR BN., Oct. 3, 1918 to Jan. 20, 1919—Information wanted regarding Charlie OSBY, inducted into service at Mobile, Ala. Last heard from in Mobile, Ala., when he was reported very ill. Mother needs aid.

3d Co., C. A. C., Fort Mills, P. I.—Capt. Clarence L. GILBERT, Cpl. Ray J. BRIGHT, Pvt. Frederick W. BRADLOCK and others who recall ear injury suffered by Stephen J. PAPP, cpl., during heavy artillery practice fire, fall of 1917. Received treatment at general hospital.

SUP. CO., 5TH DIV.—Capt. BROCK, William DAY and others who recall Louis Phillip RAINVILLE, wagoner, being knocked down and run over by horse while carting water for Co. C, Aug. 16, 1918.

1ST INF., Co. B, 13th Div., Camp Lewis, Wash.—Capt. PRIEST and other officers and men who recall disability of George C. ROBBINS.

317TH INF., SUP. CO.—1st Sgt. FREDDETTE and others who recall Mech. Ray C. SCOTT being kicked on hip by horse at Douzens, France, July, 1918, and suffering with same hip and groin in Nov., 1918, on two-weeks' hike from Buzancy to Senevoy (Savenay?), France.

HQ. DET., 21ST M. G. BN., 7TH DIV.—1st Lt. William SMITH and other officers and men who recall foot injury suffered by Luther Peyton SHAW on all-night hike from detrainment point to Royaumeix, France, Sept. 29, 1918; also N. C. O. in charge 22d Amb. Trn. infirmary at Mamey, France, and others who recall same man being patient there Oct. 20 to Nov. 6, 1918, with serious case of flu.

307TH ENG., Co. E, 82d DIV.—Lts. BROWN and NEWTON, Sgt. MORGAN, Cpls. GRIME, COOPER and POLINSKI, Pvts. SCHULTZ, STEVENS, ROONEY, KAISER and CUBIC, and others who recall Pvt. Ulner Blackwell CRUTCHEN after in lines near Bernicourt suffering from swollen hands and feet and transferred to hospital at Toul, for 20 days. Returned to company near Fleville, Meuse-Argonne front, and was on sick call. After Armistice, suffered same trouble and shortness of breath, at Lafond, France. Refused further hospital care account placed in mumps and scabies ward in Toul hospital.

EVAC HOSP. No. 31, Camp Greenleaf, and BASE HOSP. DET., Camp Hancock, Ga.—Sgt. Wyatt WACKEN and others who recall foot disability of Pvt. Woody L. SHELBY which caused him to fall out during drill and hikes, July-Nov., 1918; also Cpl. John J. WOOD, Base Hosp. DET., Camp Hancock, who should recall same trouble and special shoes built up for him.

31ST INF., Co. M, in SIBERIA—Sgt. DANVERS and others who recall rupture of eardrum suffered by Jeff O. BATES when rifle discharged close by. DANVERS fired rifle and first-aid given by Lt. SHEPARD, later killed in action.

277TH AERO SQDRN., Brindley Field, L. I., N. Y.—Capt. RICHARD H. TORREY, Capt. John J. MOORE, Pvt. Charles D. MARTIN and others who recall disability of Henry W. STEPANEK.

18TH INF., Co. D, 1st DIV. (also Co. G, 4TH U. S. INF. and Co. A, PROV. BN., Gettysburg, Pa.)—Lt. ALLEN, Sgt. MURPHY, Pvt. GOULD and Eddie LARSON and others who recall Russell TARMAN being sent to hospital with frozen feet and neuritis from Somme front after the relief at Cantigny.

WALTER REID HOSP., Washington, D. C.—Benjamin HORN, Co. M, 111th Inf., 28th Div., and Walter CUNDIFF (outfit unknown), patients during Aug. and Sept., 1919, who recall Charles E. ANDERSON, fellow patient (who had had left leg amputated at hip in A. E. F.), suffering from colitis. States he did not report colitis condition at Walter Reid, account previous failure to get relief, but obtained putmeg and other remedies from orderlies.

54TH INF., Co. M, 6TH DIV.—Lts. Marion E. BLEAKLEY and George A. ANDERSON, and William AVERY, David A. BEAMS, Ernest S. HAINES, Henry KLINE, Prospero OROFINO, David TAYLOR and others who recall Pvt. Henry H. WAGNER being sent to hospital at Mevers(?), France, latter part of Nov., 1918, with trench feet, returning to company near Dijon, Feb., 1919; also treatment shortly afterward at bn. infirmary for flu; also bleeding of his ears. On rifle range near Dijon, Mar., 1919, discovered eyes were bad. Now suffering with poor sight and hearing.

355TH INF., Co. G, 89TH DIV.—Comrades who recall Frank C. WALTON being shut in tent with corporal suffering from pink eye, at Camp Mills, L. I., N. Y.

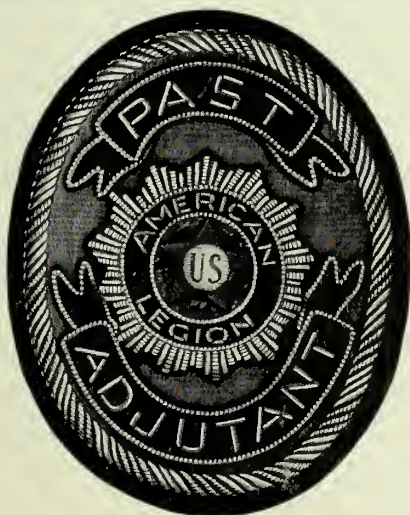
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